

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VIII.

BISMARCK D. T., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1880.

NO. 31.

NEWS-NOTES.

Congress has taken a recess till January 5th on account of the holidays.

Senators Conkling and Lamar appeared in the senate for the first time, Monday.

James-town doesn't know whether it is to be a town or a city, but wants to be one or the other.

Chicago is bound to be ahead. She now has a boy who sweats blood, which is puzzling doctors.

"Big Noked George" is sentenced to be hung on the 15th of April, having pleaded guilty to murder.

Capt. Alex. Hughes has been appointed receiver of the Yankton land office vice Lot M. Bayless.

Col. W. H. Brainerd died in the Black Hills a few days ago. He was formerly on the staff of the New York Tribune.

T. F. Singlizer has been appointed secretary of Idaho territory and E. P. Chaplin, receiver of public moneys at Deadwood, D. T.

The Central City Herald says work was commenced on Monday last on the belt railroad connecting the important towns in the Black Hills.

Wade Hampton now disclaims any intention to challenge Sherman and appears to feel keenly the criticisms made upon his course and speeches, by his party friends.

Capt. S. Munn was accidentally shot and killed at Poplar Creek agency a few days ago. A revolver dropped out of his overcoat pocket, the accidental shot severing the main artery in his leg.

The secretary of war warmly endorses the proposition to build up the skeleton regiments now in the army by the addition of several thousand enlisted men. It is shown that the cost of transportation is far greater than the cost of sustaining a few thousand more men would be.

Uncle Billy Sherman is provoked. Garfield did not listen to or ask his recommendation in making recent changes in the army. Uncle Billy gets on his magnificent ear on the slightest provocation and it would do an old singer good to hear him swear on such occasions.

Quinton C. Campbell, a well known newspaper man formerly of Chicago, later of St. Paul, and now of Sioux City, seems to be a brute, if the statement of his wife is true. Nearly two years ago Mr. Campbell married a Miss Gunther, of St. Paul, a lady of high culture, and everything seemed to go lovely until last summer, when Mr. Campbell left for Sioux City as quartermaster clerk. Monday last Mrs. Campbell was granted a divorce; the complaint alleging that Campbell had a wife in St. Louis, and that he had injured her health by brutal treatment.

BULL TO BE BULL-DOZED.
Indian Commissioner Diehl on his way to see the General.

Yesterday morning at six o'clock Indian Commissioner Diehl left by special express for Poplar Creek. There is music in the air. Relys of teams have been prepared through to Buford, and he will get to that point as fast as teams can take him. Two galling guns and 20,000 rounds of ammunition are also on their way to Buford, ordered from Lincoln post haste. These mysterious proceedings mean simply that the Indian question must be settled within a few weeks. Sitting Bull is at Wolf Point, and it is said ready to surrender. Gall, one of the chiefs, is a bad Indian and says he will fight and die fighting. Several young bucks will also go to glory in this way. Gall has threatened this and the military thought perhaps it might be necessary to turn a few galling guns loose on them, therefore they will be in readiness. Mr. Diehl will ask Sitting Bull to surrender to Maj. Brotherton and guarantee his treatment as others of his kin are being treated. If Bull refuses then his last chance will have flown. Sensational news from the northwestern frontier is now rapidly vanishing, but the country will settle up much faster without blood-curdling reports of Indian outrages and unnatural hair-raising.

REMEMBER YOUR SON.
The most suitable present for the boys.

If there is anything that makes a boy feel graceful and under lasting obligations to his parents it is to give him a new suit of clothes. It is the most valuable present that can be made. Candy and toys are but a feast for the eyes, but a good suit of clothes in the winter months is a great thing, and to make such a gift to-morrow is but to bestow parental duty upon children. M. Epfinger of the Star Clothing House has a complete assortment of all kinds of all kinds of boys' clothes, which he offers at astonishing low figures. Call and examine them.

Montana Market.
If there is a man in this city who understands his business it is Mr. Justus Bragg. There is certainly not a better or more complete assortment of fine things for Christmas than can be found at the Montana market. He has large "flat" turkeys, chickens and ducks, fresh oysters direct from Baltimore, and fresh celery and cranberries, necessary adjuncts to an old-fashioned Christmas dinner.

Hide Shipments.
Mr. Justus Bragg is doing a huge business in green hides. He has shipped over 20,000 pounds since the first of November. His shipment yesterday amounted to over \$1700.

DIVISION OF DAKOTA.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING IN CHAMPION HALL.

Resolutions Adopted Favoring Judge Bennett's Bill Now Before Congress—Able Opinion of Col. Thompson.

THE MEETING.
A meeting in relation to the subject of territorial division, was held at Champion Hall, Saturday evening. C. A. Lounsbury was elected chairman of the meeting and James A. Emmons, secretary. Col. Wm. Thompson introduced the following resolution which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved: That we respectfully ask congress at its present session to divide the Territory of Dakota into two distinct governments by a line running east and west through it either on the 46th parallel of North Latitude or on the 7th standard parallel just south of it, and that provisions be made for the speedy admission of Southern Dakota into the Union as a state, while Northern Dakota shall be provided with a suitable territorial government until her population shall entitle her to the privileges of admission.

Resolved: That we deem it advisable and necessary to use all reasonable and proper means of increasing the senatorial power in the new northwest, in order to insure an equality of national legislation with the smaller and more numerous commercial and manufacturing states of the eastern seaboard as well as for the mutual local accommodation of the settlers in both Northern and Southern Dakota who are now and for a long time will remain separated by some two hundred miles of unsettled and roadless country, compelling intercourse between them to pass through St. Paul at a tax of about one hundred miles' travel; and

Resolved: That in the opinion of this meeting the division of Dakota and the disposition of its parts as herein indicated and asked for, would do more to settle up the entire territory, bring it into a state of universal cultivation and render it an important contributor to the national revenue and aggrandizement than any other or different legislative course whatever.

WHY IT SHOULD BE DIVIDED.
In relation to the above resolution Col. Thompson then said: "In presenting these resolutions I deem it my duty to say that in my opinion the best interest of the people of the whole territory as it now exists, or as it may hereafter exist when divided and vastly more populous than it now is, as well as the true interests of all the citizens of surrounding and similarly situated agricultural states, demand that congress shall adhere essentially to the line of legislation indicated by these resolutions.

The question of division before admission is of greater importance to the present inhabitants, to all incipient public improvements and to the perpetual welfare of all who may hereafter inhabit the land, than any other that could be presented. Everybody knows how necessary it is to get a fair and advantageous commencement in any kind of business transaction, and every observer of passing events, must know how very difficult it is to divide a state after it has once been admitted. Whatever is necessary to be done in this regard

SHOULD BE DONE AT ONCE
and with great unanimity. Delays are always dangerous, and in a country of such unprecedentedly rapid development as this has proved itself to be, they are peculiarly and disastrously unfortunate.

The action of congress indicated by these resolutions would result in the admission of a state composed of the southern portion of the territory with an average length of 360 miles from east to west and breadth of about 210 miles from north to south, containing over 77,000 square miles. This state would be as large as Ohio, Indiana, Delaware and Rhode Island, all combined—large enough for all local advantageous purposes and much too large for equality of senatorial power.

It would also result in the adoption of a territorial government for the northern portion of the territory. This would prepare the way for a speedy

ADMISSION OF NORTH DAKOTA,
a state of nearly the same shape containing about 74,000 square miles of the best land the world has ever produced together in similar quality. This state would be as large as New York, Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire, all combined, and quite too large for either local or associated purposes.

Now, if congress should scourge the energetic and adventurous inhabitants of this territory by its admission as a whole, it would contain more than one hundred and fifty thousand square miles which would equal the area of New York, Pennsylvania and all the New England states combined.

This territory is peculiarly adapted to agricultural production, to stock raising and profitable mining and has the capacity for sustaining a more dense population than any other portion of its size in the productive new northwest. Its superiority of advantages with the division now desired would accelerate the past unprecedented growth of population and production until in a very short time, the population will become as dense as that of New England with a surplus of production simply incalculable.

WHAT WE LACK.
Now, under the most favorable auspices possible, we shall lack one of the chief elements of successful prosperity. That is quality of legislative power. Even with the division which will double our senatorial power the smaller and most unimportant commercial and manufacturing states will have four times the political power they will possess right to one.

This is a wonderful and dangerous disparity of legislative power, when we con-

sider the incongruity, opposition and conflict which has ever antagonized the interests of monied capital, commerce and manufacturing as against the interests of agricultural production. The advantage, so far as legislation is concerned, has ever been in favor of the former and has discriminated oppressively against the latter; so that it behooves all applicants for admission as states as well as all firm-minded statesmen whose duty it is to admit, to guard well against all possibility of unequal, dangerous and oppressive legislation.

But the local reasons for a division of this immense territory are of very nearly as great importance to its present inhabitants and its future welfare, as the question of equality of senatorial power. It is a well-known and very inconvenient and expensive fact that the territory is

PRACTICALLY DIVIDED
on the central line from east to west by population, interest and improvement and interest, and that Southern Dakota is to-day and will remain so for a long time, separated from Northern Dakota as completely in all things but her government as Montana is from Minnesota. Each of these distinct divisions has its own system of railroads extending from east to west through very near the center for its entire length—the one crossing the Missouri river at Fort Pierre and the other at Bismarck with an average distance between them of more than two hundred miles.

The settlements of the southern division are mainly in the southeastern portion about Yankton, up and down the Missouri, the Sioux and the James rivers; in the southwest at the Black Hills and the rest along the railroads connecting the Sioux river with the gold regions. In this division there are over one hundred thousand inhabitants with a fair prospect of doubling it in a year or two. This part should be admitted as a state as soon as practicable.

The Northern Pacific runs through the center of the northern division of Dakota for its entire length and most of its inhabitants are along and north of this road. They amount to over fifty thousand now and will soon have double that number.

NATURALLY DIVIDED.
These two sets of inhabitants are separated from each other by a wide belt of country not penetrated by any kind of roads. The streams, gulches and ravines are not bridged. There are no settlements and there are but few persons who have had the hardihood to attempt to cross it. In the summer when a steamboat can be found going down the river, which is a rare thing except in the fall, the trip can be made from Bismarck to Pierre, a distance of nearly 900 miles, by water; but ordinarily all travel and intercourse between the two divisions have to be made by rail via St. Paul and Sioux City to Yankton, the present capital, or via St. Paul and Sioux Falls to Pierre, the prospective capital.

FUTURE PROSPECTS.
This state of things will probably continue for many years to come. The railroads leading east and west at convenient distances will have to be completed, before those leading north and south are commenced. This has ever been the order of construction and will continue to be in the Dakotas as in the states east and south of them. Each division has its distinctly different interests. The one is interested in the construction of her system of railroads leading to Chicago, the other system leading east to Duluth and St. Paul and west to the Pacific ocean. The one uses all her influence and power for the settlement, cultivation and aggrandizement of the south and the other for the north. The south, being the oldest, has a large majority of inhabitants and in the event of our being admitted as a whole would control the location of the capital, state university, penitentiary, asylum, and other state institutions; thus not only robbing the north of her just rights but subjecting her to all the expense and inconvenience which has hitherto characterized her lamentable situation.

These are but a titling of the reasons why the territory should be divided and nothing can be plainer than that it is vital to Northern Dakota, to its system of railroads, to St. Paul, Duluth, and the entire northwest that a division should be made at the earliest day possible.

Railroad Racket.
U. S. Indian Inspector R. S. Gardner, in company with Geo. J. Bliss, representing the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, left for Standing Rock Tuesday to treat with the Sioux Indians for right of way across their reservation. The Milwaukee & St. Paul road secured the right last week. Mr. Bliss says there is no doubt of the intention of both the above roads extending to Bismarck at an early day. They want to occupy the territory and prevent trunk lines in the east getting through. They will build and open up the country as they go. He says that more can be accomplished in a shorter time while Dakota remains a territory than if admitted as a state. They now meet none of the troubles sure to be had with county organizations, state authorities, etc., and the result is more rapid building of railroad. These two great roads go side by side and one will not allow the other to get the lead.

The Weather.
There is more snow now on the ground in North Dakota than was ever known before. It is about four inches deep along the line of the North Pacific road from Bismarck to Fargo, and at Fort Buford it is reported as twelve inches. As the rainfall increases in summer so does the snowfall increase in winter. During the past week the thermometer has reached a point several degrees below zero but at no time has it been blustering or uncomfortable. Bismarck is not a storm center and its climate is much milder than that of Michigan, where the atmosphere is damp.

Ladies' Bazaar.
The millinery establishment of Mrs. Wm. Ives, on Third street, is one of the

finest institutions of the kind in the northwest. Mrs. Ives is a lady of fine taste, and in the selection of her stock has displayed a wonderful amount of skill. Her stock is so large, however, that in order to make room for incoming goods, she will sell ladies' and misses' hats, and all kinds of fancy goods at ruinous prices for the next four weeks. Her hats have been marked extremely low.

CAMP OF THE SIXTH.

An Interesting Letter From Colorado "Tex."
(Special Correspondence of The Tribune.)
CAMP OF SIXTH INFANTRY, WHITE RIVER, Col., Dec. 13.—Lieut. Chas. H. Ingalls has a month's leave. Lieut. John G. Shaw will protect two military convicts from possible abduction, while en route to the military prison at Fort Leavenworth, after which he will enjoy three months' leave, at his eastern home. Maj. Jack Carland will spend the remainder of his leave at Detroit, Mich.

Gen. Hazen, Capt. Britton, and Lieut. Groesbeck are at Fort Leavenworth—Court martial duty.

A neat comfortable place is the camp of company of the Sixth at Snake River. Capt. Munson and Lieut. Walker are stationed there and have evidently spared no effort that would the boys snug for the winter.

Naturally enough, we hear much talk concerning promotions. As the two senior captains on the list, in the infantry arm of service belong to "ours"—Colonels Sanders and Poland—great interest is taken in retirements, promotions, etc. We have had our eye on Col. C. S. O. for a long time, but being modest we wouldn't give it away.

I may say here that during the years I have figured on THE TRIBUNE as a special I have been grateful from time to time in receiving friendly words of commendation from a few who have known the humble individual who uses the royal cognomen. It has, however, been very pleasant, since leaving the "Blades of Grass," to receive kindly worded missives of regret at my intervals of silence—but it can't be helped, you see. The readers of THE TRIBUNE will also see that White River is not Fort Buford. We have no Sitting Bull, no "Crowd-thief," high," or having them, they keep at a literally respectable distance, and leave us to pursue our regular routine of duties. A sort of "no bother me, I no bother you" code, very comfortable, but dampening to the ardor of a scribbler looking for something sensational.

The Christmas holidays will be very near, when this is "set up" in THE TRIBUNE office, and as the paper will go out among many of those with whom it was a pleasure to mingle during the holidays, for many years, it will save me the trouble and expense of cards, to wish all the readers of the paper a merry Christmas and Happy New Year. I would assume my old role of "Chris" as per invitation, only unforeseen circumstances, etc. In this case I am not in the hands of my friends.

Chris Gilson has been appointed chief packer of this department, his long experience and service as scout and packer having won for him this lucrative position. Several distinguished army officers propose to place Gilson's son, "Jimmy," at a first-class educational institution, and I understand that the arrangements are already complete. Chris has been a prohibitionist for some time and his nerves are consequently all right. When a light fingered gentleman took French leave with all of Gilson's available artillery, two good pistols, the scout borrowed a shotgun, mounted a horse, overtook his man, recovered the battery and collected costs, in the shape of a respectable sized National bank note.

You all know Corporal Brown—"Big Brown"—well he was burned out completely the other day—or, rather his shack, or the contents thereof were all destroyed by fire. Immediately a some one proposed holding a "poor-man's dance" that evening, thus betraying his Dakota associations, that being the well-known method by which the Gros Ventre Indians start an unfortunate warrior once more in business.

The first funeral since our advent here, occurred yesterday, the burial of Dr. Wm. Baker's infant child. In the absence of a clergyman, the burial services were read by Capt. Badger.

When I take up the Bismarck Sun, and read Wixon's name at the head, I invariably think of a starlight ride, and as a companion thought, of Dr. Parr, and a ride he had with a gentleman of astronomical proclivities. The gentleman of a p. didn't come within Ingersoll's definition of good company either.

By the way, do you know the Sun looks greatly like a younger relative of THE TRIBUNE. At least it is dressed a good deal that way.

When I started this erratic letter I intended to write something edifying concerning what I know about congressional society, but I forgot all about it, and now I haven't room.

Two Cents on Each Bill.
By the last postal decision business men can make money by getting their bills and statements printed. The law now says in substance that if these are made out on paper that is printed at the head, they can be sent through the mail for one cent, the envelope being unsealed; whereas if made out upon unprinted paper they will cost three cents. Thus by patronizing the printer two cents can be saved on every bill or statement that is sent through the mails, and that will more than pay the cost of the blanks.

Nowlan Vindicated.
James Nowlan was acquitted of the several charges brought against him before the U. S. court at Fargo. It was shown that he acted for others who had authority to sell the cider on the Indian reservation. Suit for false imprisonment is threatened.

TELEGRAPH TO TRIBUNE

NEWS GOBBLED FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

Ramsey for U. S. Senator—Railroad Consolidation—No Ohio Men in the Cabinet—Harwood's Creditors Won't Do It.

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)
RAMSEY IN THE RACE.
ST. PAUL, Dec. 24. Secretary Ramsey has been put forward as a candidate for the senatorship by the Pioneer Press in two strong editorials. The movement meets with considerable favor throughout the state and it is evident that Mr. Millan is not to have a walk over in the contest. It is thought that Gov. Davis, Gen. Sanborn and others have withdrawn in favor of Ramsey.

NO OHIO MEN.
WASHINGTON, Dec. 24. Intimate friends of Gen. Garfield state that there will be no Ohio men in the Cabinet. The standing joke on Ohio is to be made pointless for the next four years.

SLANDEROUS COMMENT ON SHERMAN.
The recent expression of Gen. Sherman on interviews upon the changes, retirements and promotions in the army, gave rise to considerable comment as to what the president will do, for if Sherman correctly reported his words intimating that Ord was reitig because he was a democrat and McDowell retained because he was republican, are violations of war article 11, concerning disrespect to the president. It is also thought that Sherman's stirring remarks on Captain-General were offensive to Grant.

RAILROAD CONSOLIDATION.
ST. PAUL, Dec. 24. The sensation of the day in railroad matters is the resignation of J. P. Hisey as president of the St. Paul & Duluth railroad and the election of H. H. Porter to the presidency. This means beyond a doubt a consolidation of the St. Paul & Duluth road with the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha road.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.
CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—A passenger train on the Carolina Central Railroad, went through a trestle near Lincoln, N. C., yesterday. It had but nine passengers on board, but six of them were killed, either by accident or subsequent burning of cars.

SENATORIAL FIGHT.
NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—The senatorial fight in New York promises to be very close. The anti-Conkling wing has concentrated all its strength on Depew and are pretty sure of a majority in joint caucus though Conklingites claim sixty out of 106 positively pledged to any candidate agreed upon. The divorce suit of Mrs. Sprague, it is thought, is engrossing some of his attention and he is exerting most of his energies in keeping correspondence out of the hands of lawyers.

HARWOOD'S CREDITORS KICK.
NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—Harwood's creditors at a meeting yesterday refused to accept his propositions to settle for fifty cents on the dollar and let him resume. The statement of experts show that at no time previous to the assignment could he have paid less than 80% per cent on his liabilities; and including a note to his wife eighty-nine and four-fifths per cent could have been paid, and that after the failure he could have paid forty-eight and two-fifths after providing for replevins and suit, and seventy-two and one-tenth counting them as ordinary debts.

BRICK BUILDINGS.
The Economy of Erecting this Class of Structures.

In the rush of trade and excitement of business in a frontier town, the business men of Bismarck have never considered the economy of erecting good, substantial brick buildings. Besides adding much to the appearance of the city, the building of such blocks would save a large amount of money annually paid for insurance. It is now almost impossible to get good companies to take risks on property in Bismarck. If there were half a dozen brick buildings on Main street, the rate of insurance would be lessened by two-thirds. For instance, J. W. Raymond has already saved nearly enough on insurance alone, to pay for his brick block. Flinn doing business on Main street, between Third and Fourth, are now paying 6 per cent for insurance, while Mr. Raymond pays but 1 1/2 per cent. Supposing a firm carries an insurance of \$30,000 per year, the one paying 6 per cent would give \$1,800 a year, while the latter would pay but \$450. Thus it will be seen that enough can be saved in four years to construct a practically fire proof building. It is high time the business men of this city should consider this matter. A fire is liable to come at any moment and the earnings of eight years vanish in smoke. Bismarck is bound to be a large city, therefore her citizens should take heed, lest some foreign firms come in, build attractive blocks, get the trade and leave the pioneers in the shade. It is economy, besides being of incalculable value to the city, to build of brick. Let some firm start the boom, and in less than two years Bismarck will be a city to be proud of.

Dillon O'Brien's
New Book—a charming story, at the Postoffice Book Store.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Col. Cough is just during the holidays. Capt. Dan Macrae was in St. Paul the week.

Quartermaster Young, mail carrier the ex-terminator in the city.

Capt. J. W. Raymond and family left St. Paul on Thursday for the south.

C. S. Wagon and wife returned from a short absence a few days ago.

J. K. Whittaker is now with Bush & Co. of Mandan. Good clerk and good fellow.

Frank Johnson is in the city. He goes to St. Paul as a witness in court martial proceedings.

Mrs. J. E. White of Rush City, Minn. is spending the holidays with friends in this city.

Jerry Plants and Valentine Shreck jurors at the Fargo term of court have returned.

Geo. Reed returned from Fargo Wednesday. George is now book-keeper for W. H. Thurston & Co.

Sam Towne of the Northern Pacific is in the city this week. Ditto Taylor of the Missouri division.

But Bragg came up Wednesday night from Faribault, Minn. on a school vacation to spend the holidays.

Harry Johnson, the man who presides over the destinies of the Mandan Reservation, was in town yesterday.

Col. Hansenwein, in charge of construction on the Missouri division and the jobliest man on the line, came in from the front this week to see the metropolis.

Mr. John Densmore, who has been engaged in the trader's store of H. F. Douglass, on the extension, during the past season, came in Sunday to remain to the winter.

The family of Superintendent Taylor, of the Missouri division, left Tuesday morning to spend the winter in Michigan. Mrs. Taylor will be greatly missed in Mandan social circles.

Col. J. M. Bull has returned from his lecturing tour in Wisconsin and southern Minnesota. His "Life on the Frontier" proved very interesting and brought in many a dollar for the church.

E. M. Westfall and wife, of Brainerd, were the guests of Mrs. E. H. By during the past week. Mr. Westfall is clerk in the Northern Pacific general office, and Mrs. Westfall is a sister of Superintendent Towne's wife.

Mr. O. H. Whittaker, for a long time clerk at the Bismarck freight office, has just earned his promotion to agent at Valley City. Mr. Angeline has taken Mr. Whittaker's position at this point to the extreme delight of his many friends.

Father Bunning will soon leave Bismarck, having been ordered to another field. Father Bunning has made many friends in Bismarck notwithstanding the disaffection of some of his congregation and is generally esteemed by our people.

Army Intelligence.
Co. D, 7th cavalry, will give a grand ball on the evening of Jan. 13th.

Lieut. Wm. English, in command of troops at end of track, has applied for today's leave.

Col. Lewis Merrill arrived from St. Paul last night, and left for Fort Yates this morning.

Maj. Kirk and wife are spending the holidays at Faribault, where their daughter Maude is attending school.

Lieut. J. F. Bell, Q. M. at Fort Lincoln, went east Monday. He will enter the matrimonial state at Rock Island, Ill.

Lieut. L. M. Kingsbury, 2d cavalry, returned from the east last week and passed on through with Col. Rice, to Keogh Monday.

J. T. Ruddy, signal sergeant, has been ordered to a place known as "Lulu's Grave," Montana. He left yesterday morning with his wife.

F. L. Green, Q. M. clerk at Bismarck, has been ordered to Fort Hayes, Kansas, to testify in the court martial case of Lieut. Jacobs, 6th Infantry, Jan. 4th.

One Kicker Less.
Some two weeks ago it will be remembered Mr. By took the contract to haul seventy mules to Buford. Mr. Robt. Roberts took the kickers in charge and when it was was prophesied that had he, then would die, yet but one of them had he kicked at the Little Muddy and he at the slides two more were stolen by covered. Bob is an expert at handling mules.

Book Exchange.
Books purchased at the postoffice book store can be exchanged for new ones in payment of a slight difference to cover damages. The latest novels will be secured as fast as published. Elegantly bound volumes of poems—just the thing for holiday presents.

Popular Games.
Crandall's Building blocks, splendor, Japanese goods, brackets, and receivers, fancy papers, etc., at the post office book store.

Who Will Receive?
Ladies who will receive on New Year's day are requested to send in their names for publication next week.

A MOTHER TO BOB INGERSOLL.

I am sitting by the fire, Bob,
With baby on my knee,
While my husband and his sister, Bob,
Have read your views to me.

My baby is a girl, Bob—
A dainty little thing;
No blossom in the garden, Bob,
Is half so sweet in spring.

I do not know the laws, Bob,
By which her being came;
And of the laws of death, Bob,
My knowledge is the same.

Nor do I know the laws, Bob,
By which the flowers bloom;
And how the winter comes, Bob,
I nothing, nothing know.

And how are you so wise, Bob,
That you should come to say,
A doubtful thing is baby's soul,
Oh, tell me now, I pray?

I cannot take it in, Bob,
With baby in my arms,
Her clinging, thrilling touch, Bob,
Your every doubt disturbs.

She cannot speak a word, Bob,
Yet I can surely see
The soul within her eyes, Bob,
Is speaking unto me.

But O, I feel the power, Bob,
Of mother love within;
I never in my life, Bob,
Felt half so strong a thing.

O, could you be a mother, Bob,
A doubt would never rise
That babies' vast inheritance
Is not both earth and skies.

I think you love your children, Bob,
And Mrs. Ingersoll;
But can't you love them well enough
To know they have a soul?

I thank you very much, Bob,
For strong words for the weak;
And of your noble charity
My woman's soul would speak.

But O, give up your trying, Bob,
It is a deadly sin,
To have us doubt the soul, Bob,
We feel so strong within.

And having got a soul, Bob,
We need the heavenly law,
With all its grace and power, Bob,
That soul heavenward to draw.

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE BROKEN TEAPOT.

Few of our friends, Mrs. Waters, notice that teapot, and those who do wonder, no doubt, why a piece of such common ware should have a place in our cabinet. Indeed my wife wanted to set it away on some obscure shelf until she heard its history, or, rather, the associations connected with it. But the fact is, had I never drank tea from that teapot with its blue pagodas and palm trees, this little wife of mine would have been making somebody else happy, and, in all probability, I should never have owned a home like this, or have been blessed with such a circle of friends.

Well, this is the story, continued Mr. Graham. My father kept a small store in Coventry, R. I., when I was a boy, and, as there was a large family to support, and the income was small, we were all put to work when about 13 years of age. We had very little education, except what we received in the district school, for we were too poor to buy many books, and, as my mother and sisters worked as hard at home as we boys and father did in the store, there was little talk about or thought of but work, and that all the time.

I was always fond of reading, and enjoyed history very much, and our doctor, who had the best library in town, used to lend me books, which I read when all the family were asleep. When my brother John was old enough to go into the store I determined to start off and earn my own living somewhere.

I talked it over with father and mother until I had their consent, and one day in the early autumn I set out toward Providence with the few clothes I possessed in an old carpet-bag, and \$5 in my wallet, as my capital, to make a place and a living for myself.

Mother knit for me several pairs of woolen socks, and when she gave them to me she said, "I have thought much of you as I knit these, my boy, and I have wondered what your future life will be. While it is true that all of us to a great extent are the creatures of circumstance, yet, nevertheless, we can often control circumstances, and make ourselves what we wish to be. If you are faithful, true, and honest in your life and in your work, whatever it may be, the Lord will prosper you, and open the way before you to success and usefulness. Many a man whose name is now famous has started out from a home as humble as yours, and with no money and few advantages, but by perseverance and honest endeavor, with the Bible for his guide and trusting in the Lord for strength to overcome obstacles and temptations, has won his way to a high position in society."

With such words of encouragement I left my mother and my home.

The stage-driver gave me a seat with him for about twelve miles, and then I started on foot, hoping to catch a ride now and then with some farmer, as he drove along with his produce to the city. Just at dusk, on the second day, I came to a pleasant farm-house, and, as the shades were up, I could see the family moving about in a comfortable-looking sitting-room, where a bright wood-fire on the andirons, and the sweet face of an elderly lady, who sat in an easy-chair before it, drew me to the house. They received me cordially, gave me a supper, and, after asking me some questions as to where I had come from, what I expected to do in Providence, and so on, they invited me to spend the night there.

When Mrs. King found I had no plan, and did not know what I should do, she told me they needed an extra hand for several weeks, and, if I would like to stay and pick and barrel apples, they would be glad to have me, and would pay me \$5 a month and my board. I was not long in accepting the offer, and before two days had passed I began to recover from my homesickness and feel quite happy. The thought of paying for my own board and having a little money beside (I say little, although it seemed a great sum then) was delightful to me, and working for a kind family was in itself a pleasure. They gave me a comfortable little room, and I sat with the family in the long evenings in their pleasant sitting-room, reading from their library of good books. One of the daughters was an invalid and a great reader herself, and when she saw that I was anxious to learn, she taught me algebra and read and explained English history to me.

There were two men who worked by the day for a few weeks barreling apples, and when I learned how many

were considered a good day's work, I asked Mrs. King if she would be willing to have me stop work at 5 o'clock, if I would take a shorter nooning, and fill as many barrels as the men, so that I could have an extra hour for reading. She willingly gave her consent, and I had my number of barrels filled, and was often washed and my clothes changed, sitting with my book in hand, as the clock struck 5.

About that time a teacher from a boarding-school in a neighboring town, who was an intimate friend of Miss King, came to spend the Sabbath with her, and not long after her return to school wrote to her saying that Mr. Blanchard, the principal of the school, would accede to her proposition, and give me board and tuition for cutting the wood and taking care of the fires and the school-room. Miss King told me that she felt from my fondness for reading that I ought to have an education, and she had talked about it with her friend, and at her suggestion had written to Mr. Blanchard. Then she said, "Now, if you would like to go, mother and I will keep you in clothes, as my brother who is in college gets through with his, and mother will lend you small sums of money as you may need them, and my friend, Miss Jones, with furnish you with books."

But I fear I am spinning out my story too long, said Mr. Graham. "Not at all," said Mr. and Mrs. Waters. "We are very much interested in it. Do not shorten it in the least."

Well, continued Mr. Graham, I soon arranged to go to the school, and I felt, as I sat down to supper the last evening at Mrs. King's and drank tea poured from that identical teapot, that I was leaving another home, they had been so kind to me.

I remained at the school two years, and then, through the kindness of a wealthy gentleman, a friend of Mrs. King's, I was sent to Brown University fully prepared to enter the Freshman class. Near the close of my junior year, Sumner was fired on, and men were called to arm for the defense of the country. I went with many other college friends, and came back with few injuries, and health unimpaired. One of my best friends in the army was Judge Dillon's son, and I spent several days with him at his father's at the close of the war.

There I was urged, and I decided to study law, and so it happened that my home was made here, and that I found my good wife here in the church of which I became a member.

And now I will tell you how I came into possession of the teapot. We went to the commencement at Brown, last summer, and one afternoon, while there, took a drive with some friends. I gave directions to the driver to go down the turnpike, and then toward the river to the old King farm, which, although no longer owned by the family, was still known by that name.

I stopped there, and went in and asked permission, as one who had once lived there, to go through the house. I went to the little room I had occupied, which was so small and uninviting then, but in which I had spent many happy hours, and to the sitting-room, the kitchen, and the wood-house, and on one of the beams in that great room, where I had sawed and split cords of wood, while naming over the Kings of England, and reviewing what I knew of each one, stood that broken teapot. I looked at it, took it up and held it in my hand, and through the mist of tears the old pagoda vanished out of sight, and I was sitting at the tea-table, with the dear old lady, whose pleasant face and kind voice had so often cheered me, and I could hear her say, as she lifted up the quaint teapot, "You've had a hard day's work, Jamie; a cup of this hot tea will rest you, and do you good." I could see the invalid daughter, with her large tender eyes, as she talked to me and helped me over the hard places in my lessons, and I remembered how gratefully she spoke when I thanked her for all her kindness, as I started off for school, saying, "Though sick, I am glad that there are some things even one disabled like myself can do to make others happy." As I stood there, unconscious of all about me, my heart went out in gratitude to those who, years before, had gone to their reward, and I wondered, as I had done many times, why it was that they had taken such an interest in a stranger boy!

The teapot was filled with glue. I took it into the house and asked one of the ladies if I might have it, as it brought to mind many pleasant recollections, and they gave it to me. You will not wonder that it has a charm for me that nothing else in our cabinet possesses, and if I ever feel like turning a cold shoulder toward young men seeking employment, or relaxing my interest in those who are struggling to make their way in life, I need only look at the teapot and recall my own boyhood and imagine what I might have been had not those kind friends given me a home and helped me to an education. Many have wondered that I should give so much to colleges and seminaries, and help young artists and others, but I should be most ungrateful if I did not recognize the wonderful way in which God has blessed me and led me on to prosperity, by giving to and encouraging others in every way possible. And, among all I have tried to help, but two or three have ever proved unworthy of it.

This is, no doubt, a much longer story than you expected to hear, but unless you knew all the facts you could hardly appreciate how much I value that old broken teapot.

"No, we could not," said Mrs. Waters; "and I wish that more of our wealthy men who struggled hard in their young days, and were as poor as you were, who seem to forget that others need encouragement, but grow close and hard-hearted as their means increase, instead of more generous and kind, might follow your example."

Just then other callers were announced, and Mr. and Mrs. Waters rose, and bidding their friends good-night, went home, inspired by what they had heard to do more for those who were earnest in trying to help themselves, and wishing they and others had as suggestive and helpful a relic as the blue pagoda teapot.

The manufacture of agricultural implements has doubled within the last ten years. In 1850 this industry gave employment to 5,861 hands; this year it gives employment to 40,680.

THE SEA AND THE MOON.

BY FRANK J. OTTAWSON.

The Sea fell in love with the Moon;
The Moon only laughed at the Sea,
And went on, turning midnight to noon,
And silencing hill-top and lea.

"Look down, lovely Moon," said the Sea;
"Behold your own beautiful face;
'Tis so pure and so charming to me,
In my heart I have given it place."

She looked, with a flush of disdain;
Her glorious image was there;
And she knew—for a woman is vain—
That the image was spotless and fair.

Away fled the Moon in her splendor;
But oft and again she would turn,
With glances growing more and more tender,
To the Sea, where her image did burn.

There trembled the silver illusion;
Nay, Moon, do not quiver nor start;
'Tis the tremor of love's soft confusion,
The throbs of the Sea's faithful heart.

And the Moon would remember and ponder
The vision she saw in the waves;
As away round the world she would wander,
And she knew that the Sea was her Slave.

And month after month, when returning,
In her full she would glory again,
Her face in the ocean still burning,
Gave the Moon a slight feeling of pain.

Still the Sea followed sorrowing after,
His breast swelling over with love,
His sighs waking only the laughter
Of the Moon smiling quietly above.

Though ages on ages have perished,
Still Love dwells the changeless old tune,
And with passion still faithfully cherished
The Sea follows after the Moon;

Follows after till cruel shores stay him,
Then breaks his great heart with a sigh;
For the Fates ever mock and delay him,
Whose aim is unwise and too high.

A GOOD JOKE.

One fine winter evening, early in the present century, Col. Blank (a queer name, is it not?) and his maiden sister, Patty, were sitting, one on each side of a delightful hickory fire, enjoying their *otium cum dignitate* without any interruption, for neither of them had spoken a word for at least an hour, and that, considering the sex of Miss Patty, was certainly very remarkable. The Colonel was sitting cross-legged in a great arm chair, with his pipe in one hand, newspaper in the other, spectacles on—fast asleep. Miss Patty was moving herself gently backward and forward in a low rocking-chair—sitting as straight as an arrow—knitting. Close at her feet was Miss Puss, her paws folded gracefully under her, dozing very composedly, and evincing her satisfaction by murmuring forth a monotonous though rather musical p-u-r-r, while Mr. Carlo was stretched out at full length on the rug in front of the fire, and like his master—sound asleep.

At length the Colonel, rousing from his nap, took off his spectacles and rubbed his eyes, then, glancing them at a huge pile of papers that lay on the table near him, said, yawning at the same time most emphatically:

"I wish Henry was here to help me about my rents."

"Well, I really wish he was," answered his sister.

"I can't expect him this month, yet," yawned the Colonel.

"Haden't you better send for him, then?" said his sister.

Upon this the dog got up and walked toward the door.

"Where are you going, Carlo?" said the old gentleman.

The dog looked in his master's face and wagged his tail a little, but never said a word, and pursued his way toward the door; and, as he could not very well open it himself, Miss Patty got up and opened it for him. The Colonel seemed perfectly satisfied, and was composing himself for another nap, when the loud and joyful barking of the dog, announcing the approach of some one, induced him to alter his determination. Presently the door was violently opened and a young man gayly entered the room.

"Why, William Henry, is that you?" said Aunt Patty.

"Harry, my boy, I'm heartily glad to see you," said the Colonel, getting entirely out of the chair, and giving his nephew a substantial shake of the hand.

"Pray, what has brought you home so suddenly?"

"Do tell," said Aunt Patty, peering over her spectacles.

"Oh, I don't know," said Henry. "It is rather dull in town, so I thought I would just step up and see how you all are getting on."

"Well, I'm glad to see you; sit down," said the Colonel.

"So do," said his sister.

But Harry, instead of doing as he was bid, hopped out of the room, but soon hopped in again, with a bottle in each hand, and giving one of them to the old lady, he said:

"Here, aunt, is a bottle of first-rate snuff for you—and here, uncle, is one of capital Maraschino."

"Thank you, my boy," said the Colonel. "Positively, it does my heart good to see you in such fine spirits."

"And mine, too," said his sister.

"What did you have to pay for this snuff?"

Here Carlo began to jump upon him; so he was not obliged to hear the question, but busied himself in keeping off the dog.

"Down, Carlo!" shouted the Colonel, a little sternly, and down went the dog, with a look so humbled and dejected that the Colonel began to feel sorry that he had spoken so cross. So, stretching out his hand, he patted the dog affectionately on the head, saying:

"Why, Carlo, poor Carlo, you needn't feel so bad; I only wanted you to be a little more polite."

Carlo pricked up his ears and showed other signs of returning animation, though he did not immediately recover his spirits, but he looked up with an expression that seemed to say, "You need make no apology, sir," and settled himself in dignified silence under his master's chair.

In the meantime, Henry (anxious, either to help his uncle or himself, I can not say which) had broken the seal from the top of the bottle of cordial, and drawn the cork, while Aunt Patty got some glasses.

"Well, my boy," said the Colonel, whose good humor increased every moment, "what's the news in Boston? Anything happened?"

"No—yes," said Henry, bursting into a violent fit of laughter. "Yes," continued he, as he had recovered himself. "I have got one of the best jokes to tell you that you ever heard of in your life."

"No!" exclaimed his uncle with animation.

"Do tell," said Aunt Patty, taking a pinch of snuff.

Now the Colonel was noted for his extraordinary relish of a good joke, even though he was a sufferer by it himself.

"Come, let's have it," said he, filling his glass.

"La, suz," said Aunt Patty.

"Well, you must know," said Henry, hardly able to keep from laughing, "that, while I was in town, I met with an old and particular friend of mine, about my own age," here he stroked his beard, "a confounded clever fellow, very good looking, but as poor as poverty."

Here he thrust one hand into his pocket, and commenced jingling at his penknives, keys, pocket-comb and half-cent pieces. "About two months ago he fell desperately in love with a young girl, wants to marry her, but dares not, without the consent of his uncle, a very fine old gentleman, as rich as Croesus—do take a little more cordial."

"Why—don't his uncle wish him to marry?"

"Oh, yes; but there's the rub. He is very anxious that Bill should get a wife, but he's terribly afraid that he'll be taken in. Because it is generally understood that he is to be the old gentleman's heir. And for this reason, his uncle, although very liberal in everything else, suspects every young lady that pays his nephew the least attention of being a fortune hunter."

"The old rip," said the Colonel; "why can't he let the boy have his own way?"

"I think as much," said Miss Patty.

"Well, how did he manage?" said the Colonel.

"Why," said Henry, laughing, "he was in a confounded pickle. He was afraid to ask his uncle's consent right out; he could not manage to let him see the girl, for she lives at some distance. But he knew that his uncle enjoyed a good joke, and was an enthusiastic admirer of beauty. So, what does he do but go and have her miniature taken, for she was extremely beautiful, beside being intelligent and accomplished."

"Beautiful! intelligent! and accomplished!" exclaimed the Colonel; "pray, what objection could the old fellow have to her?"

"Why—she is not worth a cent," said Henry.

"Fudge," said the Colonel, "I wish I had been in the old chap's place—but how did he get along?"

"Why, as I said, he had her picture taken, and as it was about time for collecting rents, he thought it would make the old gentleman good-natured if he went home and offered to assist him. So, home he went—taking with him a parcel of oranges. By the by—that puts me in mind—I bought some at the same place, but have left them in the hall."

So, skipping out of the room, he returned with a handkerchief filled with some of the finest grapes that ever came over; and, handing one of them to his aunt, he laid the rest on the table beside his uncle.

The old gentleman smiled in every corner of his face, and put his hand into his pocket.

"Why didn't he marry her at once, and leave the rest to chance?" asked the Colonel. "Shoot me, if I wouldn't."

"Why—you must know that Bill loves his uncle as well as if he had been his own father—for the old gentleman has been as good as a father to him. So he could not bear the idea of getting married without trying to get his consent. And then, you see, he could be married at home, and that would just suit his uncle, for he is mighty fond of a good frolic now and then."

"He deserves to have her for that one thing," said the Colonel, with emotion. "Shoot me if I don't wish I had been his uncle. Don't you think so, Carlo?" addressing the dog who was just coming from under his chair.

"Yes, sir," said Carlo—or, rather, seemed to say; for he looked up with an expression so intelligent that it conveyed the meaning as plainly as though he had spoken it in words.

"La, suz," said Aunt Patty.

"Positively, Colonel, I think you have got the finest dog in the country," said Henry, patting Carlo on the head.

Now, if there was one thing that the old gentleman liked better than to be called Colonel it was to have his dog praised. So he grew warmer, and presently pulled out his pocket-book.

"Well," said he, "did he give his consent?"

"Why," said Henry, "the old gentleman was mightily tickled to see him, and mightily tickled to see the oranges. So he gave him a hearty welcome, and asked him all about everything and every body in town. This was just what Bill wanted. So, after answering all inquiries, he takes the miniature out of his pocket and, handing it to his uncle, asked him how he liked it—telling him that a particular friend lent it to him. The old gentleman was in an ecstasy of delight, and declared he would give the world to see a woman as handsome as that, and that Bill might have her."

"Hal!" shouted the Colonel. "The old chap was well come up with. The best joke I ever heard of. But was she really so beautiful?"

"The most angelic creature I ever saw," said Henry. "But you can judge for yourself. He lent me the picture and, knowing your taste that way, I brought it for you to look at." Here Henry took it out of his pocket and handed it to his uncle, at the same time refilling his glass.

"Do tell," said Aunt Patty, getting out of her chair to look at the picture.

"Well, now, if that ain't a beauty!" "You may well say that, sister," said the Colonel. "Shoot me, if I don't wish I had been in Bill's place. Why didn't you get the girl yourself, Harry? I'd give a thousand dollars for such a niece."

"Would you," said Henry, patting the dog.

"Yes, that I would," said the Colonel, "and nine thousand more upon the top of it, and that makes ten thousand—shoot me, if I wouldn't!" and the Colonel wiped his eyes.

"Do tell," said Aunt Patty.

"Then I'll introduce her to you tomorrow," said Henry.

And so he did; and in due time they were married.

In breaking the ground for a Methodist church in St. Louis, 100 women took part in the ceremony, each tossing some earth into a cart with a polished brass shovel.

Visiting.

When guests arrive in response to an invitation, the mistress and master of the dwelling, whether a mansion or a cottage, should spare no pains to make the visit an agreeable one. Many well-meaning people, from over anxiety to do so, after the entire arrangement of their households, and in consequence, fail to achieve their object; for if a visitor perceives—and he is almost certain to do so—that you have changed your ordinary routine of living, an uncomfortable feeling that you are to use a homely phrase—"putting yourself very much out of the way" will prevent any true enjoyment from being felt. Therefore, the host's first care should be to make a visitor aware that his presence is not a disturbing element, and that the action of the domestic machinery will not be disarranged in consequence. This is the truest courtesy, and a course that never fails to put the visitor at his ease. Let whatever is performed be done without apparent effort, so that the effect produced may be that the visitor finds himself a sharer of your own home enjoyments—not that you have to tax your energies to afford him entertainment.

There should, however, be no sort of neglect on the part of either host or hostess, and the comfort of a visitor should be carefully studied. For instance, the guest's room should be made as comfortable and pleasant as possible. If the weather is cold, a fire in the grate will be felt as a most welcome attention. Do not think it sufficient to ask, "Would you like a fire in your bedroom this evening?" Such an inquiry could hardly fail to have a chilling effect, and a negative reply would most probably be given. It is quite easy to judge whether the weather is sufficiently cold to make a fire an agreeable addition.

Pens, ink, paper, envelopes, matches, and a few books and flowers should find a place. Generally visitors bring their own writing materials; but, should these by chance be forgotten, it is pleasant for them to find their wants have been anticipated. For the same reason a properly-furnished work-box, with buttons, scissors, etc., should be provided, and especially if the visitor is a lady. It would be impossible to enumerate all these little conveniences, so much depending upon circumstances; but it is just these little things which have the most to do in making a visit an enjoyable one.

While visitors are with you do not, if anything occurs to annoy you, trouble them with the details of what has gone amiss. Such a course only tends to make them feel that they are putting you to some inconvenience.

On the other hand, the guest, perceiving something to be wrong, should abstain from making any remark upon it—should appear, indeed, not to have seen it. Equally reprehensible is it to suggest changes and alterations to the host—to criticize his taste or call his judgment into question. Or, if his children should be fractious or rude, it is out of place for the guest to remark upon it, or to find fault with what they say or do, if the parents do not see fit to interfere.

From first to last a rigid observance of the law "bear and forbear," by host and guest, will be found essential to the preservation of harmony and enjoyment.

Something Nice for Breakfast.

A cadaverous, hollow-eyed, "lean and hungry," Cassius-like man is the victim generally to a "pick-up" breakfast, stale, flat, and unprofitable; he goes forth hungry, ill-disposed for business, rebellious and dyspeptic; ludicrous and beggarly ideas get into his head; his brain is filled with suspicious chimeras. If he must eat hash it need not be the abominable mélange which might be called a general postoffice where letters of all descriptions are thrown in—scraps of tasteless beef, the other table-scraps innocent of condiment; but there is a hash that will satisfy: Cut some beef in nice little slices from the bone, removing all the hard parts and skin; put the gravy in a saucepan with a pint of water, three table-spoonsful of catchup, a desert-spoonful of minced savory herb, an onion chopped fine, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a third of cayenne; take out a cupful of the liquid and rub into it a table-spoonful of flour; stir it well into the stewpan again and stew for ten minutes longer. Strain it through a sieve, return it to the pan, place the slices of beef in it, and keep the saucepan on the side of the range until the meat is heated through—not to boil, or it will become hard. A few minutes before serving add half a wine-glass of tarragon vinegar. Arrange some toasted sippets round a very hot dish, and serve the hash immediately after it is cooked. An excellent condiment for breakfast is potted tomatoes. The ripe tomatoes must be scalded and skinned, passed through a sieve to remove the seeds from the pulp, and heated gently in a stewpan; add salt, a little horseradish, some white vinegar, some onions to taste, minced very fine; when cold, put it in small pots and cover with melted butter; tie up in stout paper. A simple but delicate way of preparing potatoes is a favorite breakfast-dish in the West Indies: Two pounds of peeled potatoes are washed and grated; four ounces each are added of sugar and butter melted; one teaspoonful each of salt and pepper, mixed well together; placed in a baking-dish, and put into a brisk oven until done and shows a delicate brown color. Another mode of preparing potatoes by the French, after the potatoes are boiled in their jackets, is to peel and mash them with a fork; put them in a stewpan with some butter and salt, moisten through with cream, and let them grow dry while stirring them over the fire; add more cream, and continue adding for nearly an hour; turn them into a dish, and brown them on the top with a salamander.—*New York Evening Post.*

Humors of the Telegraph.

That was a witty man who, being detained by a snow blockade, penned a dispatch which ran thus: "My dear sir, I have every motive for visiting you, except a locomotive." So was the other who, under similar circumstance, telegraphed to his firm in New York: "I shall not be in the office to-day, as I have not got home yesterday yet."

The following dispatch created no little amusement in the offices through which it passed: "Charlie and Julia met at S— yesterday, quarreled and parted forever; met again this morning."

and parted to meet no more; met again this evening and were married."

An old lady in a town of Massachusetts refused the gift of a load of wood from a tree struck by lightning, through fear that some of the "fluid" might remain in the wood, and cause disaster to her kitchen stove.

A good story is told of a country woman who received a dispatch later than she expected: "It must have been delayed on the road," said she. "I know the wires are busy to-day, for I heard them working as I came along."

COIN COLLECTORS.

Some of the Curious Facts Developed in Numismatics.

(From the Baltimore American.)

There are a number of gentlemen in Baltimore who have fine cabinets of old coins, both American and foreign, ancient and modern, as well as medals, seals, and engraved gems, which are now generally included in numismatics. By collectors of coins and medals, autograph letters are also regarded with affectionate favor, and a number of fine collections may be found in Baltimore. The most of the other large cities have societies similar to this one, that of Boston being the oldest and most important, and it was felt that there was ample room for one in Baltimore. The science is very fascinating, and has a great deal more in it than would at first strike a casual observer. The artistic and historical study of American coins is most interesting in itself.

Take, for instance, the early coinage of Maryland, about which, perhaps, less is known than that of any other State. The principal production of Maryland, as well as Virginia, for a long period after its first settlement was tobacco, which served as the principal article of currency. Cattle and corn, and even powder and shot, also served as the medium of meeting almost any pecuniary obligations. The first coins struck off were shillings and sixpences and groats, made from dies received from England in 1659. The dies were made after the designs of Lord Baltimore, who was then in England on business, and one result of the issue of the coin was that Gov. Findall, and others, started an in-pendent revolution in the hope of securing Maryland's independence from Kingly rule.

An act was passed making it a death penalty to clip, scale, or counterfeit any of the coin, which, it was defined, "should be equal in fineness of silver to England's sterling, being of the same standard, but of somewhat less weight, and hath on one side his Lordship's coat of arms, stamped with his motto, 'Cecitate and Multiplicemini,' and on the other side his Lordship's effigie, circumscribed thus: 'Cecilius Dominus Terribilis Marie.'" etc. Specimens of these coins are in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society, into whose custody they were given by the late George Peabody, who was one of its honorary members. The device upon the reverse of the early shillings is a lozenge shield, surmounted by a crown and dividing the numerals XII. The mint mark is a cross-patee. Some fine specimens are preserved in the British Museum. A coinage of copper seems also to have been intended by Lord Baltimore, although so little was put out that specimens are now worth hundreds of dollars. J. J. Mickley, Esq., of Philadelphia, bought a specimen recently for which he paid \$225 in England.

Aside from the numerous Washington pieces, coins bearing his head and struck in the eighteenth century for speculative purposes, or as curios

There's a fierce gray bird with a sharpened beak,
With an angry eye and a starting shriek,
That nurses her brood where the cliff flowers blow
On the precipice-top in perpetual snow—
Where the fountains are mute or in secrecy flow;
That sits where the air is shrill and bleak,
Or a splintered point of a shiver'd peak.
Where the weeds lie close and the grass sings sharply,
To a comfortless tune like a wintry harp.
Bald headed and stripped, like a vulture torn
In wind and strife, with her feathers worn
And ruffled and stained with scattering
Round her serpent neck that is writhing bare,
Is a crimson collar of gleaming hair!
Like the crest of a warrior thinned in the fight,
And shorn, and bristling—see her! where
She sits in the glow of the sun-bright air!

BEGUILLED.

He had never had any sisters, and knew very little about women; but he thought, foolish fellow, that he knew everything and was invulnerable. His affianced Lucy Lofton, quite a little thing that she was, knew better. They had been engaged just a month, when Mab Devereux came to Rosehome.

"Don't you think Mab pretty, Allen?" asked Lucy.

"Not particularly," replied Mr. Allen Stopford. "She hasn't a good figure and she never blushes. I like to see a woman blush."

Lucy laughed a little. She had long wished that she could cure herself of her foolish habit of blushing. It was amusing to think that Allen liked it, and more amusing to think that he did not know Mab Devereux, with her cool, cream-white face, her wonderful eyes and curled black lashes, was a little beauty, and invariably the belle of a company.

But, like most men, his eye caught first the beauty of fair, rosy girls, and he was not yet tired of Lucy's pink-and-snow complexion and ripples of golden hair.

"Allen thinks all women like me; but I know I am different from many girls," she said. Then she asked Mab: "You have never seen Mr. Stopford before? How do you like him, Mab?"

Mab stood before the mirror, touching up the love-locks about her forehead. Her reply was characteristic:

"He would be pretty good-looking if he would color his mustache."

Lucy laughed outright. The idea of Allen, dear, simple soul, with a dyed mustache, or anything false and not genuine about him. She had loved him for just that, out of all the men she knew.

"Why don't you make him, Lu?"

"What?" asked Lucy, coming back from a moment's abstraction.

"Color his mustache. Why, it's just the tint of ground mustard!"

"I don't think I could persuade Allen to do that," answered Lucy, adjusting her little gold tumbler and sitting down to her sewing, with a smile.

Mab turned, and looked at her curiously.

"Isn't he very much in love with you, Lu?"

"Yes," answered Lucy, quietly—"more than he knows."

"Well," returned Mab, after a moment's puzzled thought, "I shouldn't think a man was very much in love with me if I couldn't persuade him to dye his mustache."

Lucy knew it was of not much use to continue the conversation in that direction, and finished sewing on her trimming without making any response.

"It's very pretty at Rosehome, Lu; but do you know what I am thinking?"

"No."

"That I shall perish for society."

"Oh, you're spoiled, Mab! Can't you live a fortnight without young gentlemen to flatter and attend you?"

"There are not any here, are there?"

"Yes."

"Who are they?"

"I really can't mention but two."

"And they?"

"One is the young man who comes out from the village to saw our wood and do chores. His name is Johnny Bottles."

"Pshaw!"

"The other is my own and only brother, aged six."

Mab went to the dressing case, drenched her handkerchief in cologne, and came back to her seat.

"Terrible truth, isn't there?" she remarked, pathetically. "But, then, you have Mr. Stopford and his mustache."

"You might try your hand on him, Mab—just to keep you in practice, you know, and alleviate the melancholy of your stay at Rosehome."

Mab looked at her cousin a little curiously again.

"I believe you think I could not make him love me."

"I am sure you could not," said Lucy. "I wonder if it would be worth while to try?" mused Mab, aloud, tapping her fan upon her rosy lips, and looking thoughtfully from the window.

Allen was coming up the avenue, and she bowed to him.

"You may if you choose," replied Lucy, with a little, vexed smile.

She knew that Mab would be likely to flirt with Allen in any case before the fortnight was out. It was better to take it coolly. And then, as she had said, she did not think it possible for a girl of Mab's caliber to make Allen Stopford love her.

Mab began dressing for dinner, and put some spice pinks in her hair. When at the table she turned her dark braids toward Allen, he saw them, and involuntarily murmured, with an expression of pleasure:

"Spice pinks."

"Yes," said Mab, "I knew you liked them."

And then she looked up in his face, and he saw that her eyes were pretty.

After dinner they went boating, and his natural eye for artistic effects was gratified by Mab's figure sitting in the bow in a pale dress, with a crimson scarf draped about her shoulders.

"Your cousin is not exactly handsome, but there is something very, very attractive about her," said he to Lucy.

The latter dipped her hand in the shining water and held her peace, which, under the circumstances, was as much as could be expected of her, I think.

The next day Lucy invited a little party of friends from the village, and they made a picnic in the woods.

Mab trimmed up her white dress with oak leaves and strolled away from the rest, down the leafy aisles of the woods,

with the youngest and most agreeable man present, who was Allen Stopford.

They came back with some white water-lilies. Nobody had noticed their absence but Lucy.

"You want a bit of color about you," she said, coolly, to Mab, and pinned a pink wild-rose on her left shoulder.

And now, day by day, Allen grew absent-minded, and was exceedingly alive to the presence or absence of Miss Devereux. If she were absent, he must know where she was. If present, he made incoherent replies to everybody else, and was like the needle to the magnet, whatever the young lady's movements were.

If she lounged, he noticed that the sun shone in her eyes, and closed a blind. If she sang, he turned the leaves of her music; if she walked the piazza, he would urge that the rooms were to warm and find a seat without.

Once or twice he caught himself up in neglecting Lucy and attending Mab, but the spell was too strong.

The fascination which this girl of a wanton heart exerted he succumbed to almost unconsciously. And the siren smiled and smiled, and drew him on until there came a feverish light in Lucy's blue eyes, and her cheek grew thin with the fear she yet repelled.

Yes, it was dangerous for all three, this playing with edged tools. It was true that the love between Allen and herself was not founded on mere fancy, but in a mutual confidence, esteem and a sweet congeniality. If she had known it to be a fancy she would have had no confidence in it.

For three years they had known each other well, and the tie had even grown stronger. She had often mused on this, and indeed, made it the strong point in her acceptance of Allen Stopford.

She felt herself very young—but nineteen—when called to decide this matter; she had long been motherless. From the depths of her heart to the heights of her wisdom she sounded herself before she replied to him, and the expression of her face at that moment, Allen never forgot. Eye to eye and heart to heart they pledged each other, and now—could Allen forget?

Apparently he had forgotten. She could not accuse him of tenderness toward herself—that was impossible to his nature—or selfishness; but that he was drawn from her the most casual eye could see. And Mab's fortnight had already lengthened to three weeks.

"We'll have tea on the lawn to-night, Lucy," said Aunt Lucretia, the housekeeper at Rosehome. "It is such a very warm night, it will be pleasant."

"As you please, auntie—it makes no difference to me. I shall take no tea; I have a severe headache."

Aunt Lucretia went indoors, but some one else stood beside the hammock where Lucy lay. She turned her head and looked into Mab's mocking dark eyes.

"Confess you are fretting yourself sick about Mr. Stopford. Why don't you send me home?" she asked.

"Allen does not love you, Mab. He will never tell you that he does," replied Lucy, quickly, and with dignity, though there was a sharp contraction of her delicate features.

Mab saw, perhaps experienced, a pang of remorse for she sincerely liked her gentle cousin; but she was full of a wicked exultation, so strong was her passion for power.

She turned and strolled down the gravel walk among the cypress vines, birthing her pink fan, and Allen saw and came from his seat in the avenue, with Sultan, his great howling hound, at his heels.

When tea was served, he brought Lucy a cup of the fragrant beverage and the cologne flask, and then was gone down the cypress walk with Mab.

The twilight deepened; a whip poor-will called; the scent of flowers stole up from the beds and from among the vines. Lucy lay alone in the hammock, and a few tears, which she scorned, would have their way.

She sat up, at last. Apparently Allen and Mab had left the garden; no one was in sight. Its recesses looked cool and dewy; perhaps they would ease the throbbing of her temples.

She slipped from the hammock, and went down the piazza steps, one little white kitten following and rolling about her feet.

The fireflies started cypress vines; the birds twittered contentedly over their June nests; some beautiful evening blooming flowers filled the air with a heavenly sweetness.

Lucy dragged herself slowly along with a half guilty feeling that this beauty was so little to her. She was not in harmony with its peace; the stillness irritated her.

Suddenly it was broken by voices which stole gently upon her ear. She could see no one, but she recognized Mab's tones.

"Then you do not hate me?" she syllabled insinuatingly.

"Hate you? No. I believe I love you. You are the most bewitching girl!"

Lucy felt the rustle of the cypress vines, cool and dewy, about her face, she did not know that she had fallen. But the others heard the crash, and Mab called "Lucy!" guiltily, and Allen came and lifted the little figure in his strong arms.

"My poor little girl!" he said. "what is the matter with you? There is fever at the village. Do you suppose she is coming down with it?" he asked Mab.

"Fever?—a contagious fever? Horrors!" cried Mab; and skipping down a side path, she flew to her room and began packing her trunk.

Allen was busy with Lucy. Either she had fainted, or she was very ill. She was perfectly unconscious, and her small white face lying upon his arm was pitiful indeed.

He gathered her up to his breast and carried her to the house.

"There!" cried Aunt Lucretia, starting up from her seat in the doorway, "I thought she would faint! She has been miserable enough all day. Take her right up to her room, Allen, at the head of the stairs, and I will come and put her right to bed."

Allen marched steadily up the staircase, carefully carrying his burden, and pushed open a door which stood ajar. In an instant it was slammed in his face.

"Don't you bring her in here with her horrid fever—don't you dare! I'm not going to expose myself for anybody. I'm

going right to Boston by the first train in the morning."

Allen Stopford's face changed color violently, in the dusk. In spite of its harshness, he had recognized Mab's voice. He was plainly confused, but not too much so to find another chamber, which he entered and laid Lucy gently down among the pillars of the white bed.

Then for one little moment he laid his cheek against that cold and colorless one. If Lucy could have seen his eyes then, she would not have doubted that she was dear to him.

"Here's camphor, and ammonia, and a cordial, and red lavender!" cried Aunt Lucretia, bursting in; "and she shan't stir off that bed till she is better!"

Allen wandered alone around the garden till morning. He saw the light burn out in Lucy's chamber.

Johnny Bottles and the housemaid were around the house, where, in the cool dawn, he sat, immovable and moody in an arbor.

Suddenly he saw the front door opened, Mab, arrayed for traveling, issued forth, and went down the road toward the station.

"You can send my trunk by express," she said to some one who closed the door behind her.

Did Allen start up and follow her? He had not the slightest inclination. He waited until it was a little later, and then walked to the village and sent the doctor to visit Lucy.

But Aunt Lucretia was doing all that could be done for a weakness induced by nervousness prostration and sleeplessness. The red lavender was all-sufficient.

When Lucy came down again, there seemed a new heaven and a new earth. Mab was gone. Allen had never been so tender, and she was too weak at first to do ought but succumb to a tenderness which anticipated her every want. But by-and-by they could talk together.

"Mab's conduct was shameful," said Allen.

"You said you thought you loved her that night, Allen?"

"Well, if I did I was greatly mistaken. I was beguiled," said Allen, wofully, with a contemptuous curl of his lips, either for Mab or himself.

And Lucy, being a woman, forgave him.

Anecdote of His Royal Highness

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the New York Sun tells the following story: The hero is no less a personage than the Prince of Wales. The thing happened during one of the prince's visits to the capital of the Czars. Count Adlerberg had given the prince a supper, which lasted till daybreak. About 4 o'clock in the morning the prince took leave of the company, jumped into a carriage, and started for the Winter Palace. His royal highness had done such honor to the wines that he was a little mixed.

As he was passing the place of the Holy Synod he thought he recognized the facade of the imperial palace, and he halted the carriage, got out, dismissed the coachman, and then walked up to the door. A monk opened the door and asked him what he wanted, but the prince did not understand the monk's Russian.

Without answering his questions he advanced, not too steadily, into the interior of the edifice, thinking that he could find his way to his apartment. The monk undertook to stop him. The prince is one of the best losers of the United Kingdom. His first blow laid out the monk, who shouted lustily for help. The police were soon on the ground. As the prince couldn't make himself understood, and was not recognized, he was taken "a la nearest police station. Fancy stupefaction at court in the morning when it was discovered that the prince had not returned to the palace. The Emperor was very uneasy. He scolded the governor of the palace roundly for having allowed the prince to set out alone. Orders were given for a search among the police stations, and the heir of the crown of England was found fast asleep among the revellers of lower degree.

The Queer Fisherman.

The otter is admirably adapted to its aquatic habits. Its body is long and exible, with a long, tapering tail, which serves as a rudder in the performance of the evolutions of the animals under the water. The limbs are short, but very muscular and powerful, and the feet, which consist of five toes each, are webbed so as to serve as paddles or oars. The eyes are large, the ears short, and the lips are provided with strong whiskers. The covering consists of two kinds of fur—an under vest of close, short waterproof wool, and an outer vest of long, coarse, glossy hairs. Shy and reclusive, the otter is nocturnal in his habits, lurking by day in its burrow, which opens near the water's edge, concealed among the tangled herbage. Voracious, active and old, it is notorious for its devastations among the fish in our rivers and lakes, which are not protected from this foe, either by the rapidity of their motion in it. Like them, the otter is at home in the water, swimming at any depth with the utmost velocity. Many instances are upon record of the successful employment of tame otters for angling purposes. Bishop Heber relates that at Pondicherry, on the banks of the Matra Colly, he saw a row of nine or ten very large and beautiful otters, tethered with straw collars and long strings to bamboo stakes. Some were swimming about at the full extent of their strings, or lying half in and half out of the water; others were rolling themselves in the sun on the sandy bank, uttering a shrill, whistling noise, as if in play. The bishop observes that most of the fishermen in the neighborhood kept one or more of these animals, who were of great use in fishing, sometimes driving the shoals into the nets, and sometimes bringing out the larger fish with their teeth.

A SCIENTIST says: "The whole globe contains 1,200,000,000 inhabitants. If each man, woman and child could pull with a force of 100 pounds, to move a bar of steel 5,280 feet wide and as many thick, it would require the united efforts of 2,000 such worlds as this." When a man is washing his face and can't find a towel to wipe the soap out of his eyes, he never thinks of this. And if any one was to tell him at such a critical moment, the probabilities are that he would not return thanks for the information.

A tender young potato bug
Sat swarming on a vine
And sighed unto a maiden bug:
"I pray you will be mine."

Then softly spake the maiden bug:
"I love you fond and true,
But, O, my cruel-hearted par,
Won't let me marry you?"

With scorn upon his buggy brow,
With glances cold and keen,
That haughty lover answered her:
"I think your par is green."

Married Angels.

There are some folks who think it awful wicked for husband and wife to sit down together on an evening and play cards, while others can't see where the harm comes in.

"Why," said the colonel a few days ago, when the subject of card playing was under discussion, "does any one pretend that my wife and I can't play a few games of euchre without disputing and arguing and getting mad over it? Loafers can't, perhaps; but we could play for a thousand years and never have a word—yes, we could."

The others shook their heads in a dubious way, and the nettled colonel walked straight to a stationer's and bought the nicest pack he could find. That evening, when his wife was ready to sit down to her fancy work, he produced the cards, and said:

"Mary, I was told to day that you and I couldn't play cards without disputing and getting into a row. Darling, draw up here."

"Dearest, we will not have a word of dispute—not one," she replied, as she put away her work.

The colonel shuffled away and dealt, and turned up a heart.

"I order it up," she observed; and she looked over her cards.

"I was going to take it up, anyhow," growled the colonel, as his chin fell, all his other cards being black.

"Play to that," she said, as she put down the Joker.

"Who ever heard of anybody leading out in trumps?" he exclaimed; "why don't you lead with an ace?"

"Oh, I can play this hand."

"You can, eh? Well, I'll make it the sickest play you ever saw. Ha! took all the tricks, eh? Well, I thought I'd encourage you a little. Give me the cards—it's my deal."

"You dealt before."

"No, I didn't."

"Why, yes you did, we've played only one hand."

"Well, go ahead and deal all the time if you want to. I'll make two on your deal, anyhow. What's trumps?"

She turned up a club. He had only the nine-spot; but he scratched his head, puckered his mouth, and seemed to want to order it up. The bluff did not work. She took it up, and he led an ace of hearts.

"No hearts, eh?" he shouted, as she trumped it. "Refusing quit is a regular loafer's trick! I'll keep an eye on you! Yes, take it; and that, and that—all or 'em! It's mighty queer where you got all those trumps! Stocked up the cards on me, did you?"

"Now, dear, I played as fair as could be, and made two; and if I make one on your deal, I'll skunk you."

"I'd like to see you make one on my deal," he puffed. "I've been fooling along to encourage you; but now I'm going to beat you out of sight. Diamonds are trumps."

She passed, and he took it up on two small trumps. He took the first trick, she the next two, he the fourth, and when he put out his last trump she had the Joker!

"Skunked? skunked!" she exclaimed, as she clapped her hands in glee.

"You didn't follow suit!"

"Oh, yes I did."

"I know better! You refused on spades."

"I hadn't any."

"You didn't, eh? Why didn't you have any? I never saw a hand yet without at least one spade in it."

"Why, husband, I know how to play cards."

"And don't I? Wasn't I playing euchre when you were learning to walk? I say you stocked the cards on me!"

"No, I didn't! You are a poor player: you don't know how to lead!"

"I—I—why, maybe I'm a fool, and maybe I don't know anything, and so you can play alone and have all the trumps every time!"

He put her back, grabbed his paper, wheeled around to the gas, and it was nearly thirty-six hours before he smiled again. Nevertheless, no one else ever had a dispute over cards.

A Glance at America.

"I was not astonished that America was big; I had heard as much at home, and I knew that in my three months' visit I should be able to overrun only half of it. I am as one who has gone only to the margin of wonder-land. What I am astonished at is the people. Nature made the country; it is freedom which has made the people. I have always belonged to and worked for a class of people who cannot afford to have prejudices. I came not to see something I expected, but to see what there was to see—what manner of people bestrode these mighty territories, and how they did and what they did it for, in what spirit, in what hope, and with what prospects. I never saw the human mind at large before, and acting on its own account, and I have seen it with a glad surprise. Every error and every virtue strive here for mastery, but humanity has the best of the conflict, and progress is uppermost."—J.G. Hol-yoke.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES says, in a letter to a member of the English Spelling Reform Association, "If I have not taken sides with the spelling reform movement, it is very probably because I was not taken hold of early enough. I spell 'honor' and 'favor' without the u, and I may yet come to 'catalog' and 'feloese'—if that is good phonography. At any rate I should not care to be an obstructive (if I could be) in the way of any well-organized, scholarly attempt to reform our English and American language. It is certainly barbarous to make ought take so many forms of pronunciation as it now does. But you must allow a fair share of old square-toed prejudice in their personal likings to old square-toed people, I hate to see my name spelled Holmes, yet I never pronounced the l. I know from old Camden that its

derivation is from the word holm, and I want the extra letter; an l is as good as an inch in this connection. If I may venture a debilitated pleasantry. There are many things I should like to have a glimpse of a hundred years from now, among the rest our English spelling. I have little doubt that many changes you contemplate will have taken place, and that I should look back upon myself in 1880 as a hopeless bigot to superannuated notions long since extinct."

Vanderbilt's Money.

Some one has made a very curious calculation of what William H. Vanderbilt could do with his money if he were disposed to fool it away, and as it is quite readable we put it here for our readers to table talk about. William H. Vanderbilt's income from his investments in \$51,000,000 four per cent. government bonds is represented at \$208.25 per hour, \$347 per minute, or over five cents per second. Assuming that he is paid by the second he cannot possibly spend his money, as he could not select his purchases and lay down the prices fast enough. He could not even throw it away; to pick up, cast, recover, pick up and cast again would take him two seconds, and, if he worked all through the twenty four hours without rest, he could only dispose of one-half his income. By living economically, saving up for four years, he could, placing his five cent pieces side by side, make a nickel belt round the earth, or, by converting his savings into one cent pieces, and mounting them in a pile, he would, in twenty years, erect a road to the moon and have \$500 to invest when he got there. Should his amusement take a charitable twist, he could out of a year's receipts, donate to every man, woman and child in the United States twenty cents, and have money left over. Other vast possibilities occur to the glowing fancy of the calculator. In one day he could go to 8,000 different circuses, eat 10,000 pints of peanuts, drink 5,000 glasses of lemonade, and have money left to get his boots blacked. He can afford to have 500,000 shirts washed in one day, and, on the day of his death his income will buy ten first class funerals.

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Representing the Following Companies:

2. J. Smith, of the La Confluence Insurance Company being duly sworn, depose and say, that the foregoing is a full, true and correct statement of the affairs of said company; that the said insurance company is the bona fide owner

relative Assembly of the Territory of Dakota, relating to insurance companies, approved February 16, 1877; and

WITNESSES, on examination of the sworn statement of said company filed in this office, I find

ALEXANDER McKENZIE,
Sheriff of Burleigh County, D. T.
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FR ARCHIVE

A NINETEENTH CENTURY TEACHER.

Twice Saturday night, and a teacher sat alone, her task pressing. She averaged this and she averaged that. Of all her class was doing. She reckoned percentages, so many boys, and so many girls all counted. And marked all the tardy and absentees. And to what all the absence amounted.

Names and residence wrote in full. Over many columns and pages; Canadian, Teutonic, African, Celt. And averaged all their ages. The date of admission of every one. And cause of flagellation. And prepared a list of graduates. For the coming examination.

Her weary head sank low on her book. And her weary heart still lower. For some of her pupils had little brains. And she could not furnish more. She slept, she dreamed; it seemed she died. And her spirit went to Hades; And they met her there with the question said, "State what per cent your grade is."

Ages having slowly rolled away, Leaving but partial tracks. And the teacher's spirit walked one day In old familiar places. A mound of fossilized school reports Attracted her observation. As high as the State house dome, and as wide As Boston since annexation.

She came to the spot where they laid her bones. And the ground was well built over; But laborers digging threw out a skull. Once planted beneath the clover. A disciple of Galena, wandering by, Paused to look at the diggers; And plucking the skull up, looked through an eye.

And saw it was lined with figures. "Just as I thought," said the young M. D., "How easy it is to kill me!" Statues ossified every fold Of cerebrum and cerebellum. "It's a great curiosity, sure," said Pat; "By the bones you can tell the creature?" "Oh, nothing strange," said the Doctor, "that was a nineteenth century teacher."

INFATUATION.

There was a little group on the prettiest croquet-ground with a dimpled brook flickering by on one side, and a semicircle of fine old trees standing guard on the other.

An elderly gentleman, in a linen coat, was half-kneeling on the grass in the mental and physical agony of a "split shot," a youth of fifteen, awaiting his turn, was watching the operation with emphatic *canon*; a little apart, a young man with fine features and symptoms of a moustache—a good-looking fellow take him all in all—was conversing contentedly with a young lady—one of those tall, fair-haired creatures, with grand eyes and superb complexion, who fairly bewilder one with rare coloring.

"So your aunt will be here this afternoon, Miss Penroy?" he was saying. "Yes, on the 5:10 train."

The young fellow calculated in the depths of his spiritual consciousness: "It is now three. Two hours' grace. Would that an accident might befall the train! Of all things a maiden aunt! No more pleasant tete a tete on the piazza—no—"

"Blue! Here, Mr. Remington, it's your turn. You've got the most splendid chance!" called out the old gentleman, enthusiastically. "Just knock Augusta into the brook and go through the middle wicket; then you can take Charlie coming back, and—"

Here the pleasant vision was demolished by Mr. Remington's sending Augusta just the other way, and going anywhere but through the wicket himself. His counselor gave him a look of reproachful despair, and grasped this mallet as if he were going to commit suicide, or "suthin'," with it.

Miss Penroy took her place, and so the game went on.

An hour or two after, returning to the house to dress for tea, Mr. Remington caught sight of an angular figure in gray alpaca vanishing up stairs, and a few minutes later learned that Miss Penroy's aunt had arrived.

Just about seventy miles from the pretty croquet-ground and its accompanying farmhouse might have been seen on the banks of the Hudson, a handsome villa, and in its library, at this moment at which I write, were assembled—a red-faced old gentleman, a white-haired old lady and two pretty girls, as like as two peas and as pretty as two pinks.

The daily budget had just come from the post office, consisting this time of one letter for the old lady, who, according to the superscription, was Miss C. H. Remington.

"From Fred," she announced; "it's really astonishing how contented he is in that little out-of-the-way place."

"I thought he would be back after two days' fishing, utterly disgusted," said Minnie, one of the peas.

"Oh, I'm very glad to have him away from temptation," went on the mother. "A fashionable watering place is a terrible training place for a gay young fellow like Fred—and with money, too."

He seems to have found pleasant companions at this little place. He says: "There are some very agreeable people stopping here—Mr. Wayne and his family, and a Miss Penroy, a very beautiful girl, and her aunt, Miss Boggs."

"A very beautiful girl," laughed Bessie, the other pea. "That explains the mystery."

"Penroy is a very good name," said the old lady. "I hope she is a nice girl."

The letters continued to come regularly every week, and the old lady continued to read them placidly to her husband and daughters. Miss Penroy and her aunt still figured largely in the missives, but there was not much said about being awfully jolly—there were vague allusions to happiness and misery and other contradictory emotions.

At this period the old lady began to get anxious.

"I don't know but that we ought to go on to this Eastrodes, Minnie. I am sure Miss Penroy must be a sweet girl, but I'd like to see her."

"We might take a run on there next week," suggested Minnie.

"I'd like to go," said Bessie. "I think we need a little change, and you won't take us to any fashionable place because we don't come out for another year."

"I'll think over it," said the mother. But while she was thinking it over the next day, a letter came that sent her flying to her girls.

"The climax has come," she cried, half laughing, and yet with tears in her eyes. "He is engaged to be married. Just listen to this."

And with a daughter on each side, she read as incoherent, happy, illogical, an

epistle as ever love indited since the days of Adam.

"That settles it; we go there next week. In the meantime we must all write to him, and to her, too."

And they did all write that very day, dear loving home letters, giving Miss Penroy a sweet welcome to their family, and telling Fred how charming they were sure she must be, and how glad they would be to meet her the following Monday.

That was Thursday afternoon. On Friday evening a thunderbolt was handed Mrs. Remington at the tea table. Outwardly it was one of Fred's regular letters, but inwardly it was a thunderbolt.

She opened it all unconscious, read the few lines, and clasped her hands almost tragically.

"Oh, husband!" she gasped, "oh, Minnie—Bessie! that my boy should ever do such a thing. It isn't Miss Penroy he's engaged to—it's her aunt!"

"Her aunt! Stuff and nonsense!" spluttered Mr. Remington, upsetting the powdered sugar into the pickled salmon. "I never heard of such a thing."

"Oh, no; it's only too true. Just listen to this, 'Dear mother, for goodness sakes, don't write any more letters to Miss Penroy. I am not engaged to her at all. I am engaged to her aunt, Miss Boggs. You'll be here on Monday, so I'll tell them all then. In haste, your loving son, Fred.' Oh, I'll never forgive her for entrapping my poor innocent boy. Such a vulgar name, too—Boggs!"

"Horrid old thing!" muttered Minnie. "Dreadful creature!" chimed in Bessie.

"Girls," said the mother suddenly, "it does no good to abuse that woman—we must simply go on and stop it."

No dissenting voice was heard, and the old lady arranged the entire plan before they left the table. Mrs. Remington and the girls would start by the first train in the morning. Mr. Remington would stay home to look after the establishment.

"I am glad he didn't want to go," Mrs. Remington confided to the girls, "he might say something harsh to that poor boy and be sorry for it afterwards."

The next day—will Minnie and Bessie ever forget it to their last hour—the dust, the heat, and the depression of spirits combined. At last the conductor yelled some unintelligible sound in at the door, which instinct and the time-table told them was Eastrodes.

A lank kind of cattle shed was pointed out as the depot, and in the oven-like waiting room of it they bestowed themselves.

"This is dreadful, girls," sighed Mrs. Remington, surveying the blistering hayfields on every side, and the long, straight, treeless road, where two cows were choking themselves with the dusty grass on the edges.

"I wonder if there is anything like an hotel in the place? Just ask the ticket man, child."

Minnie crossed the room, and held a consultation with a blank-minded old man, who was postmaster as well as ticket agent, and who insisted at first upon informing her that there were "no letters." At last she made him understand, and gleaned the fact that there was a "sorter hotel" just back of the depot.

A tall, angular woman here entered the building—a strong-featured, big-eyed, black-haired woman, who might have been very handsome, say a hundred and fifty years ago. She stalked over to the postmaster, and Minnie joined her mother.

"Well," sighed Mrs. Remington, "I suppose we had better go to this hotel, or whatever it is, and send word on to Fred—but, oh, dear, it's dreadful—to think he should ever do such a thing! I'll never forgive that Miss Boggs as long as I live—she has just entrapped my boy for his money, dreadful old thing—oh, girls, only think of it!"

"Air you Mrs. Remington," asked the gaunt woman, stepping up to the group. "Yes," answered the astonished Mrs. Remington, "and are you—" she could not finish the question.

"Yes, I am," the gaunt woman tartly said; "and I'd like to know what you mean by dreadfu! Your senain't none too good for a Boggs, I can tell you—and you needn't suppose you're going to marry it over us, cause you ain't," waxing worth, and glaring down at Mrs. Remington with her big eyes.

"You awful woman!" the poor old lady gasped, "what would Fred say to hear his mother abused in this way—perhaps that might cure him—oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"And as for your son, he wouldn't be half the man he is, if it wasn't for me—if I hadn't nussed him, and nussed him, and rubbed tallow on his nose, and here you come raisin' a fuss about it—awful woman, indeed!"

"Mother," cried the girl, "you shan't stay here—come to the hotel at once."

So Minnie picked up the satchels, and Bessie gave her arm to Mrs. Remington, and they all three left the depot, the gaunt woman snorting and exclaiming after them to the last minute.

The "sorter" hotel proved as close and ugly as it was possible for any building to be. They were shown directly to an apartment commanding an extensive view of a blank wall and the roof of the depot—anything more unlike their own pretty bed-rooms could scarcely be imagined. The girls tried to make Mrs. Remington lie down, when they had dispatched a message for Fred, but she would not.

"What dreadful infatuation!" she sobbed, sitting on the edge of the bed. "I can't understand it."

"Just one of those coarse creatures men fall in love with," said Minnie.

"Fred talked of her eyes—great saucers," pouted Bessie.

"Oh, girls, don't give in that way; do try to persuade him," begged the mother. "Oh, of course we will; you needn't be afraid of our giving up—only in case you know."

And so they rang the changes until their messenger returned to say, "Mr. Remington was coming now."

"I'll go and meet him," said Mrs. Remington, getting up; "you stay here, girls." So down she went, crying all the way. In the lower hall she was caught in the arms of her son, who kissed her, exclaiming:

"My dear, dear mother! What on earth is the matter?"

"Oh, Fred, Fred! how can you ask such a question? This wicked boy, to break my heart in this way—to think of marrying that dreadful creature!"

"What dreadful creature?" demanded Fred, sternly, standing up straight.

"That Miss Boggs, of course—oh, to think you should be so infatuated—such a coarse, vulgar creature."

"My dear mother," began Fred, giving an anxious glance at the parlor door, "you'll be overheard."

"I don't care if I'm overheard fifty times! she's a coarse, vulgar woman, who just wants your money, and doesn't care for you one bit."

"Mother!" Fred half pleaded, half commanded.

"If you only knew how miserable you have made us all—you must give her up!"

Fred turned white.

"I will not give her up!"

"Oh, you wicked, dreadful boy! to speak to your own mother in that way, and just for the sake of that vulgar, ill-tempered, mercenary woman!"

And with that she left him, and rushed up stairs.

The miserable youth turned into the parlor and was confronted by a very pretty young lady, who was almost quivering with indignation.

"Take me away instantly!" she said; "you should never have subjected me to this!"

"I never expected it, believe me," cried the distracted Fred. "I had not the least idea—you hall not stay here an instant longer if I can help it. I'll get a carriage at once."

And away he bolted, leaving the young lady pacing the ingrain carpet like, to use an entirely new simile, a caged lion.

To get a carriage out of a country stable is rather a lengthy operation, even when superintended by a frantic young man, and, consequently, Fred was absent some time.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Remington, anxious about her boy, wandered down stairs again and into the parlor.

"Do you know if my son, Mr. Remington, is still here?" she inquired of the young lady.

"Mr. Remington has just gone to order a carriage," was the answer, very stiffly delivered.

The old lady sat down.

"Are you acquainted with my son?"

"I have that pleasure," yet more stiffly. A light seemed to flash over Mrs. Remington's mind—this was Miss Penroy.

"My dear," she said, getting up and putting her hand on the young lady's shoulder, "I know you will help me to bring that boy to his senses."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, my dear, he is perfectly infatuated with that horrid woman. I don't know what to do."

"He's not infatuated with any horrid woman," cried the pretty girl, hotly.

"He told me so himself," said Mrs. Remington, solemnly. "Of course he is, desperately snitten, and tries to make her out perfectly beautiful; but I have seen her, and she's the most dreadful creature—at least," recollecting herself, "she's perfectly respectable, and all that sort of thing; but she's so much older than he is."

"Well, Miss Nelly, I ain't a-goin' ter see you put upon, and if you'd only heard—"

"There—there, Jemima, it was all a mistake," said Mrs. Remington, graciously, "it was all a mistake, and you can scarcely love this dear girl yourself more than I do."

"But I want to see this handsome man than me, Jemima," put in Fred.

"All right," assented the mollified Jemima, flying to the window. "Hezekiah! Hezekiah! come on in here!"

And in about three seconds a tall, slab-sided man presented himself at the door.

"Come on in, Hezekiah; you ain't got no call to be ashamed," proudly said his betrothed, as he lingered, red and shamefaced, at the threshold.

"Why, it's Mr. Terwilliger!" cried Fred.

And so it was Terwilliger, the charioteer of the village.

Jemima surveyed him with intense pride from the crown of his tow head to the sole of his cowhide boots, and remarked, with the air of a manufacturer, that he was "about as good as they made 'em."

Here a crack-timed bell raised its voice in the hall to announce supper. Mrs. Remington said they ought to tell the girls about it. So the two peas were sent for and all the cross-purposes explained to them. I am not quite sure that anybody understood just then, but they felt it was all right somehow, and that was enough. They sat down to the abominable hotel-tea, as if it had been a feast for the gods, and all ate "combinations" as though each and every one had been separately in love.

"Well," sighed the mother the day after the wedding, "it's a comfort to think her name is not Boggs now, for, though she's the sweetest girl in the world, that was a trial, I confess."

Friendship and Love.

Men learn to look at woman as though she were an entirely different animal from man. They either set her up as a goddess and reverence, almost worship her at a distance, or they place her entirely beneath their level, simply as an inferior creature, to be admired for her handsome plumage or her grace and ease of carriage.

Why not accept woman as the purer and holier part of man; created to bear with man and for man the cares and vexations of this trying life? Scarcely a man exists who has not one or more particular, confidential male friends. At clubs these may always be found together.

In business, in politics, the ideas of the one are shared to a greater or less extent by the ideas of the other. Such companions may widely differ in temperament, in habits, in tastes; but the fact of their trusting, consulting and befriending one another, draws them together with an almost sacred bond. Always be friendly with all, confidential with a very few, is surely an excellent maxim; but why cannot this confidential friendship exist between the sexes? Why cannot men and women of similar ages contract these affinities? Not every man on coming to years of maturity desires to marry immediately; many such, should they desire it, have not the means. What are these to do? They may have none of the expensive habits so denounced by "Bay Court," nor yet be members of a club; yet they are too honorable to marry and thus impose the expense of an additional family upon the parents of either themselves or their wives. Such a one as this, it would seem, has no business anywhere in society and it struck me that to such a class probably belonged the "Bachelor." How is he to attain Dr. Johnson's elegance in the little things, thus ignored as he is by so-called polished society? It is only by rubbing the marble slab with the smoother stone that it becomes the polished surface that decorates our mansions. Our girls are taught to look down on this class who avow no intention of marrying as "not eligible." They may favor them with a passing smile, but any effort to be particularly agreeable is a pure waste of time and energy. (That to "catch a husband" is the end of their existence is early inculcated and that thence they must throw themselves like a putty ball at every man's head, until they find one soft enough to adhere. Our young men, meanwhile, until they are ready to marry, must content themselves with each other's society—in other words, must remain out of society. Such it is who often grow bitter against society. Have they not considerable cause for growing so? Let me tell you that one or two goodhearted, noble minded friends—"confidential friends" I have termed them—of the other sex would be the salvation of a man, such a one, who, careless, is gradually but how surely drifting to the bad. Friends, indeed, who might not be able to understand all his business cares or political ambitions, but yet to whom he might confide some of them and be sure of hearty sympathy in the one case, a patient and often an apt scholar in the other. Men undoubtedly do like women and women just as surely do like men until it is all educated out of both by deluded or selfish parents and a correspondingly educated state of society. Young men and young women can be friends, without ever being more to one another and by being such would make the better husbands and wives—to other women and men, perhaps—for having learned that beneath handsome clothing and society formality there often lurks a heart as true as steel, trusting and to be trusted.—N. Y. Times.

COL. INGERSOLL, according to the Washington Star, being congratulated because he had been indorsed by Beecher, said: "I think it a good deal more fortunate for Mr. Beecher that I indorsed him."

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NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

"AND THOU HAST VOTED."

[Letter from a Brooklyn young lady to a Boston miss who exercised the right of suffrage.]

And thou hast voted! What didst thou wear When thou didst vote? How was it trimmed?

What thine arrangement of thine hair? Alas that fate should so have limited My life in shadows dark and black That I can't be a party-back!

And thou hast voted! Describe the hat Thou worest. Indeed, it should be white To mark the era by thy toll began— An era of acquittal from the blight Which man, the tyrant, seeks to place On all sweet, lovely woman's race.

And thou hast voted! Didst thou wear street Or evening costume at the polls? Did high-laced shoes begirt thy Boston feet, Or buttoned boots with heavy soles? O glorious suffrage! Heaven's gift To lend down-trodden girls a lift!

Didst thy dress trail, or was it short, When thou didst put thy ballot in? Didst cut it bias, or didst gore 't? Was't hauled well aft' er caught with pin? Alas that I have all that thou hast! And more, and yet cannot a vote cast.

Have I not dresses short and long? Have I not aspirations high? Then why should I so suffer wrong? Why sit upon by men am I? Why limit suffrage to pants, vest and coat? Why should not silks and cotton vote?

Men call me angel, swear I'm blest, Praise as a maiden ballot-box, And yet I'm not correctly dressed When I would utter feminine voice, The very paper I have on my vest, Forbids my suffrage, now, away!

And thou hast voted! Write to me, And tell me what the people said, When thou wast at the polls? I'd like to see Just how thou lookedst from heel to head For I regard thee more than human. P. S.—I hope you didn't vote for a woman.

NOBODY'S HUSBAND.

A knock at the squire's door.

An eager "come in" from the squire, to whom any outside diversion is an inestimable boon, he having reached that uncomfortable stage of masculine convalescence when life becomes a burden, not only to the so-called "patient" himself, but also to those unlucky feminine relatives, whose duty it is to officiate as his "ministering angels."

Mary, the servant, came in.

"Please, Mr. Hosley, there's a woman down stairs, who says she must see you. She's been here before since you was sick, and now she won't take no for an answer."

"Show her up, Mary," said the squire, cheerfully, straightening himself, and assuming as much of legal dignity as dressing gown and slippers permitted.

Mary disappeared. Presently the door opened again. "Why, Nabby," said the squire, "is it you? How do you do?"

"Yes, squire, it's me," said Nabby, dropping down, with a heavy sigh, into a chair, "and I don't do very well."

Nabby was a short, squarely built woman of fifty, with considerable gray in the coarse, black hair, drawn stiffly and uncompromisingly back under a bonnet about fifty years out of date. She had sharp, black eyes, and a resolute, go-ahead manner. Evidently a hard-working woman; yet in looking at her you could not help the conviction that something more than hard work had plowed the wrinkles which ran across her forehead and threatened to lift her eyebrows up to her hair. Nabby had lived with the squire's mother fifteen years—from the time Mrs. Hosley took her in, a ten-year-old orphan, who was, as the good lady sometimes expressed it, "more plague than profit," until she had grown into the steady and reliable handmaiden, who finally, with every one's good wishes, married young Josiah Gould, and set up in the world for herself. Old Mrs. Hosley had long since gone to her reward, but the family still kept up a friendly interest in Nabby and her fortunes, the squire in particular being for her, "guide, philosopher and friend," in all the emergencies of life.

"Why, what's the matter now, Nabby?" said the squire, good naturedly. "Are you sick?"

"Yes, I am," said Nabby, emphatically, with a snap of her black eyes. "I'm sick to death of Josiah. I can't stand it any longer, and I've come to talk with you about gettin' a divorce. You see he's been growing worse and worse now for a good while. I've kept it to myself pretty much, because I was ashamed of it, and then I kept hopin' he'd do better. I've talked and talked to him, and said and done everything a woman could, but it seemed as if the more I talked the worse he grew."

The squire looked at Nabby's rather sharp, hard face, and perhaps was hardly so surprised as Nabby expected, that Josiah had not been reformed by the vigorous "talking to" he had undoubtedly received.

"He grew more and more shiftless and good for nothing," continued Nabby, "till finally he didn't do much but set around the kitchen fire, half-bezozy. If there's anything I hate," burst out Nabby, "it's a man forever settin' round the house under foot. And there I was, takin' in washin' and a slavin' early and late, to be kinder decent and forehanded, and him no better'n a dead man on my hands, so far as helpin' any was concerned. And so I told him, again and again. He worked just about enough to keep himself in drink. He knew he couldn't git any of my money for that. But I stood it all till about a fortnight ago. I'd been workin' hard all day, helpin' Kiss Barber clean house, and it seemed as if every bone in my body ached, I was so tired. I came along home, thinking how good my cup of tea would taste. The first thing I saw, when I opened the kitchen door, was old Hank Slater, settin' there in my rockin' chair. He and Josiah were both drunk as—hogs," said Nabby, slandering an innocent animal in her haste for a simile.

"They'd tracked the mud all over my clean floor. The cooking stove was crammed full of wood, and roaring like all possessed. I wonder they hadn't burned the house up before I got there. And they'd got my best teapot out to heat some water, and the water'd all boiled away and the bottom come out. But the worst was to see my husband consortin' with such scum of the earth as that miserable, low-lived Hank Slater. I tell you, squire, I was mad, I just flung that kitchen door wide open, and sez I:

"Get out of this house, Josiah Gould, and don't never let me see your face inside on't again."

Sez he meek as Moses, "Where shall I go to, Nabby?"

"Sez I, 'I don't care where you go to, so long as you don't come near me. I've always been a respectable woman, and don't want none of Hank Slater's friends round my house."

"Well," queried the squire, as Nabby's narrative came to a pause.

"Well," said Nabby, in rather a subdued tone, "he went off. And he hasn't come back. And I want a divorce."

"Now, Nabby," remonstrated the old squire, "you can't want a divorce. I know you better than that. You are not the woman to give Josiah up, and let him go to the bad without a struggle. You feel a little vexed with him now, and I don't blame you. It is hard, very hard. But you know you took him for better, for worse." Do you think, yourself, it is quite right to break your part of the contract because it proves the worst for you—because you are the strong one and he the weak one of the two? That doesn't strike me as good Bible doctrine, Nabby. We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves, you know."

"Well, I dunno," said Nabby, twisting the corner of her shawl dubiously. "I hadn't thought on't in that light, I must say. It's so aggravating to have such a man for a husband. Besides, I dunno as he'd come back if I wanted him to."

"Hasn't he been back at all?"

"Why, yes, he came back once for a pair of pantaloons. But I didn't take no notice of him."

"Now, Nabby, you may depend upon it, it wasn't the pantaloons he was after. He wanted to see if you would not relent. If he comes again be a little pleasant to him, and I warrant he'll stay. Give him another chance, Nabby. Josiah isn't the worst fellow in the world by any means. He has his redeeming traits, after all. I believe he will do better if you try to help him. You know Josiah is one that bears encouragement, Nabby."

"Well, squire, I'll think it over. Anyhow, I'm obliged to you. You talk so sorter comforting to a body. Your mother's own son; just the same good heart. Would you be able to eat some of my cheese, squire?"

"Try me and see, Nabby," said the squire, smilingly, not impervious to Nabby's compliments. Nabby made her exit just as Mrs. Hosley rushed in, full of wifely indignation that the squire had been permitted to see a "client."

Nabby's home was over at the "Corners," three miles from the village. She walked rapidly along in the fast thickening darkness, with the steady, strong gait becoming the self-reliant woman that she was. Yet even her unimaginative mind was not yet free against the depressing influence of the chilly, raw November evening. The wind whistled through the bare tree branches, which creaked and moaned mournfully, and waved wildly up and down in the dim branches overhead. The wind seemed to cherish a special spite against Nabby. It blew her bonnet off and her hair into the eyes, struggled madly with her for her shawl, took her breath away, and firmly resisted her every step. Finally it began to send spiteful dashes of cold rain-drops in her face—a rain that seemed almost to freeze as it fell.

"Josiah used to come after me with an umbrella when I was caught out in the rain," thought Nabby. "He was always kind and real good to me, after all. I dunno's he ever gave me a cross word in his life, even when he'd been drinkin'."

Here the driving sleety rain and piercing wind pounced down upon Nabby with renewed fierceness, hustling her madly in fiendish glee.

"An awful night to be homeless, Nabby," something seemed to say.

"I don't care," said Nabby to herself, beginning to feel cross again and generally ill used, as she grew wetter and colder. "It serves him right. He's made his bed, and he can lie in it."

At the "Corners," light streaming cheerfully out into the night from other homes, made Nabby's little house particularly gloomy and uninviting. Nabby fumbled under the mat for the door key, fumbled with stiffened fingers for the key-hole, and finally succeeding in unlocking the door, and felt her way in through the little entry.

There is always something "uncanny" about going alone at night into a dark and shut-up house. Even people of the best regulated minds experience a vague suspicion of something behind them, a sense of possible ghostly hands to clutch them in the darkness. Nabby was a woman like Mrs. Edmund Sparkler, with "no nonsense about her;" but, nevertheless, a cheerful tale she had read only yesterday in the Chronicle, about a burglar and a lone woman, kept coming up in her head, and she carefully avoided the blackness of the corners and the pantry door, as she groped around the kitchen for a candle. Of course the fire had gone out.

Two heads are better than one if one is a sheep's head." Nabby might have been heard muttering out in the wood house as she stooped painfully down, picking up chips, by which oracular utterance I suspect she was thinking what a good supply of kindlings Josiah always kept on hand for her, and how much more comfortable it was in the old times coming home to a house bright with light and warmth, and Josiah's welcome.

For Josiah cherished the most profound admiration for Nabby—an admiration not unmixed with awe. He thought her a most wonderful woman. She was just as beautiful to him now as in the old courting days, before the brightness and quickness of the black eyes had degenerated into sharpness; before the smiling mouth had acquired its hard, firmly-set expression, before there were any wrinkles in the smooth forehead. People had thought that Nabby had done well in marrying Josiah Gould—a pleasant, good-natured young fellow that every one liked; a young mechanic, not very rich, it is true; but with a good trade and with such a wife as Nabby, there seemed nothing to prevent his figuring as "one of our first citizens."

Anybody can be somebody in this country, if he is only determined. But that was exactly the difficulty with Josiah. He never was determined about anything. He fell into the habit of drinking because he lacked sufficient strength of will to avoid it. Then Nabby's sharp words, and his own miserable

sense of meanness and self-contempt, of utter discouragement and despair, drove him into the lough of despond without effort or hope.

By a beautiful dispensation of Providence, whenever a poor, shiftless, good-for-nothing man is sent into our world, some active, go-ahead little woman is invariably fastened to him, to shove him along through, and keep his head above water. It's for the best, of course. What would become of the poor fellow without her? At the same time, she sometimes finds it a little hard.

Nabby was ambitious and proud-spirited, willing to work hard, to save, to do her part—eager to get on in the world and stand well among the neighbors. The fact, gradually realized, that in her husband she had no help, no support, only a drag and a burden, and finally a disgrace, had been a disappointment embittering her whole nature. To have a husband that no one respected, that even the boys around town called "Si Gould," was dreadful to Nabby. Perhaps it was hardly strange that she grew hard and bitter.

Meantime Nabby had succeeded in starting the fire, and having changed her dress, sat down to dry her feet until the tea-kettle boiled. But even the ruddy light and warmth with which the kitchen glowed could not send off the dreariness of the night? The rain "tapped with a ghostly finger-tip upon the window-pane," and the wind howled and wailed around the house like the spirits of the lost, pleading once more to be taken back into human life and warmth. Such a vague sense of loss, or change, all of that which goes to make up the unsatisfactoriness of life. Dead sorrows creep forth from their graves on such nights and stalk up and down the echoing chambers of the heart.

Nabby could not help wondering where Josiah was to-night. It was so lonely sitting there with no one to speak to, listening to the moaning wind, the creaking of the blinds, the ticking of the clock.

"And Thanksgivin' a coming," thought Nabby. "A pretty Thanksgivin' I shall have."

The wind wailed and wailed, and Nabby thought and thought. The fact of having "freed her mind" to the squire relieved her long put-up indignation, and now she felt more sorry than angry. Up before her seemed to rise a picture of her life; the youthful dreams and hopes, the change and disappointments, and love turned into wrangling. She even thought of Josiah with pity. For the first time she put herself in his place, and realized how almost impossible it was for one of his weak nature to resist a stronger will no effort.

"I'm afraid I've been a little too sharp with Josiah," thought she. "I've sorter took it for granted I was a saint, and he a sinner, and scolded him right down hill. A nice saint I am! As proud and high-strung as Lucifer himself. Oh, dear!" sighed Nabby. "A pretty mess I've made of living. If we could only go back and begin over again, seems to me things would go better."

Just then there was a faint noise like the clicking of the door latch. Nabby started and looked around. And all at once again—no one was visible. Yet Nabby could not rid herself of the impression that some one was near her, the odd sense we have of another's individuality near us, though not present.

"There's some one hangin' round here, I know," she said to herself.

Nabby was one who always met things half way. Accordingly she walked to the outside door, and opening it quickly, peered into the darkness. There stood Josiah—wet, sheepish, sorry. Once he had started to go in, but his courage failed, and he lingered in dubious hesitation on the door-step.

"Why won't you come in, Josiah," asked Nabby.

"I didn't know that you'd want me, Nabby," replied Josiah, with all the meekness becoming a returning prodigal.

"Want you? Of course I do," said Nabby, heartily. "Come right along in. I'm goin' to have griddle cakes for supper, and you must tend them while I set the table." Griddle cakes were one of Josiah's weaknesses, and Nabby knew it.

Josiah came in. If he ever gets into heaven, probably his sensations will not be one whit more delightful than they were now, as from the bleakness and gloom of the night, the forlornness of his wretched wanderings, he came into the cosy brightness of the kitchen, and felt that he was home once more. How good the tea smelled! The fire roared and bubbled and bobbed its lid up and down and from the griddle the savory odor of the cakes ascended like a homely incense. Josiah's face shined with mingled heat and happiness, as he turned the griddle, cakes, was something worth seeing.

Nabby stepped briskly around getting supper ready. It seemed so pleasant to set the table for two again, to have some one to appreciate her cooking. The November wind might howl its worst now. Its hold on Nabby was gone. In place of all the bitter sadness that hung heavily around her heart, was a warm feeling of happiness, of comfort and hope.

All the explanation they had was this. Josiah drew from under his shabby coat an exceedingly awkward and knobby bundle.

"I've brought somethin' for you, Nabby," said he.

The "somethin'" "I dunno, proved to be a very handsome britanna teapot. The teapot might have known that it was a peace offering, with such preter-natural brightness did it shine and glisten. Something in Nabby's eyes shone and glistened, too, although she winked hard and scorned the weakness of a pocket handkerchief.

"Thank you, Josiah," she said, "it's a regular beauty, and I shall set lots by it."

Which, so long as they understood each other, was, perhaps, as well as if Josiah had made a long-winded speech of repentance and reformation, and Nabby another of forgiveness. I wish I could say that Nabby never scolded Josiah again. But I can't. However, "she drew it mild," and there was a general understanding between them that was only a sort of exercise made necessary by habit—a barking by no involving means biting. And Josiah

was so accustomed to it, that he would have missed it, and not felt natural without being wound up and set going for the day by Nabby.

One day late in the winter, Nabby was washing for Mrs. Hosley.

"So you've taken Josiah back again, after all," said Mrs. Hosley.

"Well, yes, I have," said Nabby, giving a last twist in the sheet she was wringing out, "Josiah mayn't be very much to brag of, but then, you see, he's my own, and all I've got. We're getting to be old folks, Josiah and me, and we may as well put up with each other the little while we've got to stay here."

"How has he been doing since he came back?"

"First rate. He's walked as straight as a string ever since. He's a good provider, and now he's quit drinkin', and a master hand for fixin' up things around the house and makin' it comfortable. I tell you what 'tis, Mrs. Hosley, we've got to make 'lowances for folks in this world. We can't have 'em always jest to our mind. We've got to take 'em just as they are, and make the best on't."

"I'm glad to see you so much happier and better contented, Nabby."

"Well, I used to fret and complain a good deal because things hadn't turned out as I expected 'em to, but lately I've thought a good deal about it all, and I've made up my mind that there's considerable comfort for every one in this world, after all. We mayn't git jest what we want, but we git somethin'."

In this piece of philosophy I believe Nabby was about right.

What It Costs to be Funny.

Oliver Wendell Holmes informs us that "it is a very serious thing To be a funny man;"

and most of those who have ever gained a reputation for wit, or made the acquaintance of one of those preternaturally solemn and funeral-looking individuals whose lives are made miserable by the consciousness that the public looks to them for a diurnal dose of disguised physic in the shape of jokes, can corroborate the genial Doctor's statement.

The responsibility entailed by a reputation for being a perennial fount of spontaneous humor, is enough to make a man prematurely aged! He must constantly maintain a high-water mark of hilarity, and occasionally surpass himself.

Not satisfied with his professional efforts in this line, he is expected to scatter jests around him in his daily walk and conversation, to write neatly turned epigrams for young ladies' albums, and to scintillate at social entertainments.

If he is invited out to dinner, it is a tacit understanding that he shall pay for the meal by his humor, and it behooves him to go plentifully provided with a stock of extempore puns and conundrums, to be dispensed at appropriate intervals. If he does not feel up to the mark, his host will probably spur up his flagging energies with the remark that he is unusually dull, or some other pleasing reminder of his breach of implied contract.

A fearful warning against the social perils of a humorist's career is conveyed in the anecdote of the gentleman who habitually earned his dinners by his wit, and on one occasion of temporary absent-mindedness was recalled to a sense of his duties to society by the following message, delivered in an audible tone by the daughter of the hostess:

"Mamma's compliments to Mr. —, and she wishes to know when he is going to be funny?"

A Chinese Court.

At Shanghai, says the *Pail Mall Gazette*, where we and some other European nations and the United States have establishments, natives are dealt with by what is called a "mixed court." It is so called no doubt, because a European or American consul or other resident sits with the Chinese judge; but in other respects it has little pretention to its title, for its course of procedure and its punishments appear to be of Chinese barbarism, unmixt with any European sense of humanity. Thus, a prisoner who refuses to divulge the names of his accomplices, is ordered to receive fifty blows on the face; and if these administered apparently on the spot fail to overcome his contumacy another fifty may be ordered. Beating the ankles with hammers, and kneeling on chains with feet braced up, are other methods of persuasion which are employed by this mixed tribunal, graced as it is by the countenance and sanction of an officer of some great Christian power. According to a tabulated report, prepared by Mr. E. Barry for the supreme court and "Consular Gazette," the punishments consist of terrible floggings, or else of the cangue, or heavy table, in which the wearer's neck is inclosed, and which prevents him from lying down or feeding himself. That such practices should go on from year's end to year's end with the placid acquiescence of influential European communities seems hardly credible. It is to be hoped, at all events, that they will not long survive the publicity which Mr. Parry has given them. If the European assessor is to sit on the judgement seat, simply to give the countenance of civilization and Christianity to the stupid and horrible barbarities of the Chinese—to concur with a mandarin in administering blows on the mouth or hammering the ankles of prisoners who refuse to confess or to "peach"—the sooner he is removed from so shameful a post the better for himself and the civilized power which he represents.

Some Curious Guns.

The museum of old guns and other small arms at the armory in Springfield, Mass., is probably the fullest and most curious of any in this country, except the one at Washington. First in the list of old guns is a Wheelock rifle, wound up like a clock, made by Gottfried Fleming in 1520. On the lock-plate is a battle scene between Turks with bows and arrows and Europeans with swords. Another is a curious Albanian smooth-bore flint-lock, used even to-day by the Turkish mountaineers and peasantry. An old Arab flint-lock has a square piece of ivory so fitted to the butt of the stock that the gun can be balanced in an upright position in the Arab's tent. One, a match-lock, made in the fourteenth century, is the oldest gun in this country. It is discharged by lighted tow or flax on the hammer, drawn to the vent by hand.

Women's Headaches.

One of our English contemporaries has wisely been devoting some thought and space to the common and very distressing fact that a great many English women suffer from headache. The same trouble prevails in America, and men, no matter how selfish they may be, are deeply concerned about it, for a wife with a headache cannot be companionable, the best of sweethearts with a headache is sure to be unreasonable, while a lady who has neither husband nor other special cavalier to engross her attention can run the peace of mind of every one she meets while she has a headache of perceptible size. No amount of masculine grumbling is likely to change all this, but women themselves might change it if they would comprehend the cause of the malady and then apply their nimble wits to the work of prevention or cure. The trouble is that all American women who have headaches live indoors, where the best air is never good, and the worst is poison, and they have none of the exercise which save men from the popular feminine malady. Were a strong man to eat breakfast at any ordinary American table and then sit down to a work-table or machine, or even move about briskly from one room to another, he would have a splitting headache before noon, and the chatter of his innocent children would seem to be the jargon of fiends. The midday meal would increase his wretchedness, and by dusk he would be stretched in misery upon his bed, with one hand mopping his forehead with ice water while the other would threaten with a club or pistol any one who dared to enter the room or make a noise outside. There is no reason why women should not suffer just as severely for similar transgressions of physical law. True, indoor life is compulsory for a large portion of every day, but special physical exercise in a well-aired room is within the reach of almost every woman, and so is a brisk walk in garments not so tight as to prevent free respiration. There is very little complaint of headache at summer resorts, where windows are always open and games and excursions continually tempt women who do not value complexion more than health. Girls who ride, row, sail and shoot seldom have headaches; neither do those unfortunate enough to hoe potatoes or play Maud Muller in hay fields. Let women of all social grades remember that the human machine must have reasonable treatment and be kept at work or play to keep it from rusting; then headaches will be rare enough to be interesting.—*New York Herald.*

Necessity of Cleanliness.

As a rule, every boy and girl, every young man and woman who will, can have clean clothes, a clean body, clean face, clean hands and feet, clean teeth, and a clean, sweet breath. Now, in your own mind, contrast cleanliness with its opposite. If we were only seeking to please the eye, the former is worth all the care necessary to secure it; we go farther than this, however. No one can be careless of his person, and unclean in his habits, without producing or perpetuating like disorders in mind, and in all he does. Our bodies are covered with innumerable pores or holes, so small that the naked eye cannot see them, and through these there is, or should be, a constant passage of effete dead matter. In warm weather we are made sensible of the fact by the perspiration which stands upon our faces and hands, or saturates our clothes. This effort of the system to cleanse itself inside is constant, whether we know it or not. Suppose, now, that you neglect to keep your body clean outside; these little holes are stopped, the dead matter which should come out is kept in, the blood becomes impure, the brain becomes gets lazy, we are lazy all over; then we get slack and careless; we do not like to study or think, even of nice things, and so we are injured all through if we do not keep the surface of the body clear. Of course, while we are at work or play, we get our clothes, face and hands soiled, and sometimes our whole bodies are covered with dust and perspiration; then what a luxury it is to bathe! It is not bad that we sometimes get dirt on us while doing our duty, but it is bad to be careless and let it remain there.

A Shetland Housewife.

We found Kirstie up for her eyes in work and importance. In the middle of the kitchen stood a long, tub-like machine about a yard high and a foot and a half in diameter, narrowing at the top, and Kirstie, laboring with a churn-staff, was conjuring cream into butter. A strong, red-cheeked country girl, Kirstie's face, was looking on and Kirstie would allow her occasionally to take a turn at the staff, standing over her to see that it was properly done. This churn staff was being vigorously worked up and down to a distinct rhythm or measure, without which Kirstie would not have believed in the butter that came. As she churned she shot forth her remarks to one or another, and we escaped not her quick penetration and sharp wit when she refused to believe that the seal had been left behind to be stuffed. She had just been making a batch of scones, thirty or forty of them, and while churning superintended the baking and turning in the oven. Delicious they were, though made of coarse meal of a dull dun color; meal that had probably been ground in one of the little Shetland mills dotted about the country. I acknowledged their merit when she offered me one hot, smoking and well buttered, and asked for a compliment upon the lightness of her hand. Soon, too, the contents of the churn diminished, condensed, and the butter from which the milk had presently to be pressed, came in answer to the measured call of the churn staff that wordless song of the dairy.—*The Argosy.*

An Example for Office Seekers.

The great number of Whigs who had swarmed from Virginia to Washington at the inauguration of Harrison, in search of offices, and who had not been successful, when Mr. Tyler became President were very importunate, says an article in the *Atlantic*. Prominent among them was "Old Dade," as he was called by all who knew him, who was born near the spot made famous by the surrender of Cornwallis, and who was an applicant for the position of warden of the district penitentiary. Before he received his appointment, President Harrison died, and "Old Dade" then began to importune his suc-

cessor. One day Mr. Tyler said: "Dade, I should like to appoint you, but they tell me that you drink too much." "Is that all they say about me?" responded Dade. Mr. Tyler smiled, and observed, "I think, in all conscience, that is enough." "No, sir!" answered the indignant Dade. "When people talk about me, I want them to tell the truth, sir! they should have told you, sir, that there is no gentleman in the city of Washington so thirsty as I am." Mr. Tyler, in the goodness of his heart, could resist no longer, and "Old Dade" was commissioned warden of the penitentiary. When he took charge he had all of the convicts called up, and made this brief speech to them: "Boys, I'm your boss. If you'll behave yourselves like gentlemen, I'll treat you as such; but, if you don't I'll turn every mother's son of you out."

Home Improvement.

The influence of the home upon character and morals is so self-evident as to require no particular emphasis; it is an immense factor in the well being of a community; it not only steadies, but it stimulates ambition, encourages an honest life, and makes its owner a more intelligent man, a better citizen. If the value of ownership is in question, from a political standpoint, one need only look at France where peasant proprietorship is in the foundation of the Republic. And this is, perhaps, the most hopeful condition of American life. With the exception of the great cities where a floating population is inevitable, the majority of our people dwell in their own habitations. Scattered all over the country, forming a network of ennobling associations, clustered about the village highway, isolated from the New England hilltops, resting on the great prairies, adding to the beauty of our towns, forming in the West the bulwark of civilization—these homes, from the humblest cot to the palace of the railroad king, are so many magnets drawing the better class of the people to an intimate and patriotic love of their native soil.

"True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home," the affections center in these shrines of domestic comfort. To those who have been merely tenants of apartments or houses, such an affection can be but dimly realized. Can anything be more forlorn than the ordinary city lodging, with its cramped boundaries, noisy surroundings and glaring publicity? How can domestic virtues be cultivated in a great caravansary, where the eye of everyone is upon his neighbor? The very word home conveys the sensation of peace and comfort. It means freedom to do as one likes, to enjoy individual liberty to the top of one's bent. But a mere dwelling should not be the sole aim. The Indian has his wigwam which he carries from place to place, but one hardly looks upon it as the shrine of domestic bliss. Without intellectual associations, without culture, without refinement, without at least some striving toward beautifying its interior and surroundings, home is not home; it is a base counterfeit upon the old Saxon meaning. "Home," says Dryden, "is the sacred refuge of our life." Mere possession is not enough, for if the home is indeed a refuge it will be made a pleasant one; the temple of love, it must be made fit for the indwelling of those who would derive strength and benefit from it. Too many of our so-called homes are bare and cheerless. Especially in this case with those of the farmer and the rural community generally. Eminently practical in all his views, shrewd and capable in all that pertains the growing of crops, the farmer is apt to neglect the better side of his nature. He looks upon sentiment as purely superfluous; it is with him a matter of dollars and cents. "What," he will ask you, "is the use of pictures, and magazines, and flowers?"—forgetting that life is more than meat and the body than raiment. And what is life if it does not minister to the higher side of our nature; if it means merely food and drink and clothing while the mind is left desolate, without one beautiful association. Dwelling forever open the sordid claims of every day existence? To those who have mingled with the world and grown weary of drifting from place to place, this yearning for a home grows with years. They consider it a happiness to toil and deny themselves that a permanent abode may be provided for their families. They now that they will become stronger and better men. And when these hopes are realized they feel as if a portion of the earth had been given them in trust, and they are eager not to fall short of the responsibilities thus devolving upon them.—*Boston Traveller.*

Varnish on the Church Pews.

There was quite a scene at one of the churches last Sunday. It seems that during the vacation the seats had been newly varnished, and somehow the varnish was not right, as it was terribly sticky. You know that when you pull anything off of sticky varnish it cracks. Well, the audience had all got seated, when the minister got up to give out the hymn, and as the basement of his trousers let loose of the varnish of his chair there was a noise like killing a fly on the wall with a palm-leaf fan. The minister looked around at the chair to see if he was all present, and that no guilty man's pants had escaped, and read the hymn. The choir rose with a sound of revelry, and after the tenor had swallowed a lozenge, and the bass had coughed up a piece of frog, and the alto had hammed and the soprano had shook out her polonaise to see if the varnish showed on the south side, the audience began to rise. One or two deacons got up first, with sounds like picket firing in the distance on the eve of battle, and then a few more got up, and the rattling of the unyielding varnish sounded as though the fight was becoming more animated, and then the whole audience got on its feet at once with a sound of rattling musketry. The choir sang, "Hold the Fort. When the orchestra had concluded the people sat down gingerly, the services were short, and all went home praying for the man that painted the seats!

A short time ago the postal authorities at Vienna were startled by the receipt of a letter addressed to her Royal and Imperial Highness Maria Theresa, who died in 1780. The letter might have been written by Rip Van Winkle, and was 100 years too late. It was returned to the sender, marked "dead."

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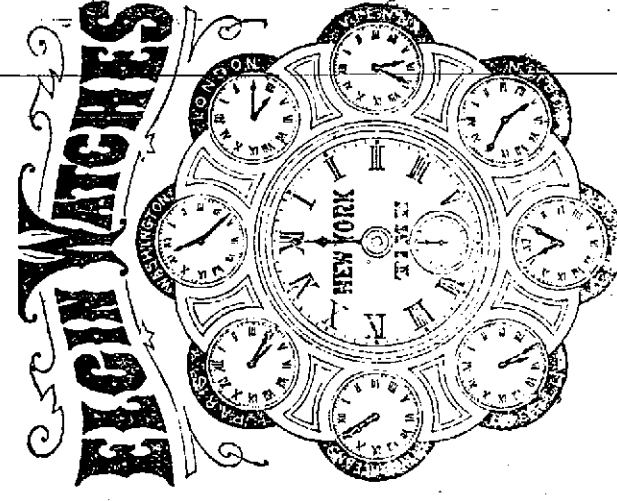
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